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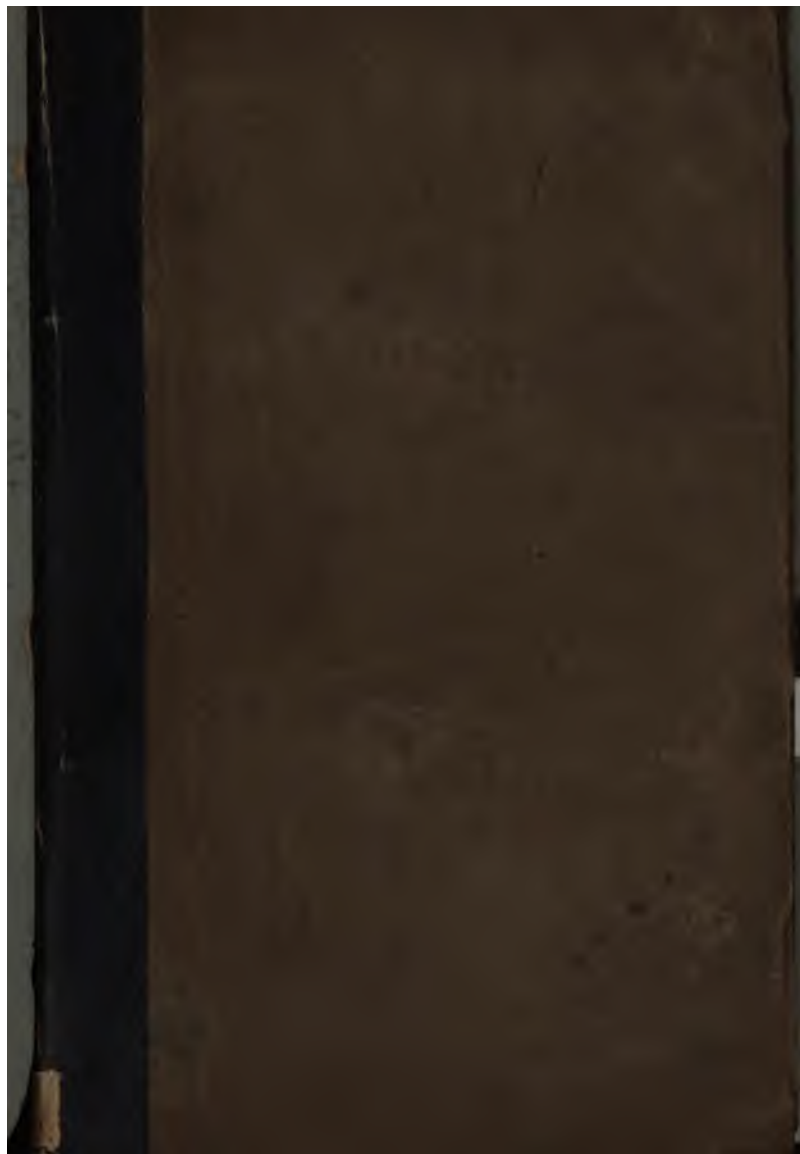
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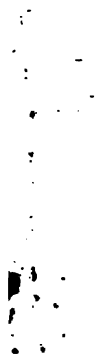
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2 parts B







# **INWARD SONGS.**

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*Part II. will be published in April.*

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# INWARD SONGS.

BY

GEORGE PORTER.

Singing and making melody in *your heart* to the Lord. *Eph. v. 19.*

Singing with grace in *your hearts* to the Lord. *Col. iii. 16.*

PART THE FIRST.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**THE** Christian reader, without the aid of references, will easily perceive what portion of Scriptural truth these little pieces contain. Most of them were written in the deepest devotional retirement, and they were intended in the first instance solely for the Writer's future meditation. They are now printed for the more convenient use of them by a few others, to whom they have been made acceptable. As to their further employment, it will be just such, if any, as the only wise God, to whom they are offered, determines.

To Him be honour and glory for ever.  
Amen.

*Baldon, Jan. 4, 1823.*



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## DEDICATION.

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**ACCEPT, O Lord, the utmost praise  
My joyful heart can yield ;  
Far better songs I soon shall raise,  
When thou art more reveal'd.**

**New wonders daily let me learn  
In Providence, and Grace ;  
O God, my God, I thirst, I yearn,  
To see thy cloudless face.**

**Shine, Sun of glory, brighter shine  
Within me, till I rise,  
In the bright beams of light divine,  
To hymn Thee o'er the skies.**





## INWARD SONGS.



### I.

*The pleasures and uses of religious retirement.*

**T**HE heav'n-born soul to heav'n looks up,  
Refreshment thence to gain,  
It loathes the world's enchanted cup,  
And finds its pleasures pain.

O holy peace! O quiet joy!  
I did not think on earth  
That God so sweetly would destroy  
The charms of human mirth.

Yet ever, as I flee away,  
When morning's toils are done,  
I hail with the declining day  
My better dawn begun.

Then in lone chambers and lone fields  
I search within my heart  
What fruit the Holy Spirit yields,  
What life his gifts impart.

Then more the Father and the Son  
 By stedfast faith I see,  
 And gladly hymn the Three in One  
 For mercies sure and free.

Thus Solitude my soul prepares  
 For social joys above,  
 To live with countless fellow heirs,  
 And share Heav'n's feasts of love.

## II.

### TO GOD THE FATHER.

#### *Prayer.*

**ALMIGHTY FATHER**, whose rich love  
 Makes happy all the realms above,  
 Thy children of adoption sue  
 For drops of that reviving dew ;  
 This food of heav'n we ask, we need,  
 From day to day on this we feed ;  
 This foretaste of our bliss thy Son  
 Yields from the boundless wealth he won  
 This first-fruit of his gifts we claim,  
 With filial boldness in his name ;

This from thy undiminished store  
 Thou at our call wilt freely pour,  
 Till our exulting souls ascend  
 To drink thy fulness without end.

## III.

TO GOD THE SON.

*Praise.*

**ETERNAL** Priest of God to man,  
 Elect before the worlds began,  
 Born in the flesh, and giv'n to die,  
 And rais'd to Mercy's throne on high,  
 In Thee we all our trust repose  
 For strength against all fears and foes:  
 Save us thou wilt from woe and shame,  
 Sin's dying life, Hell's living flame;  
 Through Thee for plenteous grace we pray,  
 Through Thee we look for Glory's day;  
 In Thee complete, though all beside  
 Be to our hopes, our prayers denied,  
 Our life is safe, our danger o'er,  
 We seek, we ask, we hope no more.  
 O take the sacrifice we bring,  
 Ourselves, our only offering;

Light in our hearts a lively fire,  
 To worship thy all perfect Sire ;  
 O touch our lips with holy flame,  
 To speak aright the Father's name ;  
 By day, by night, through Thee to raise  
 The tribute of our spirits' praise,  
 Till in thy robes of spotless white  
 We join the hallow'd choirs of light,  
 With Thee to live, with them to sing,  
 Thy kings and priests, Great Priest and King,  
 For ever blest with them in Thee,  
 Our own incarnate Deity.

## IV.

## TO GOD THE SPIRIT.

*Praise.*

**O** HOLY GHOST, for ever one  
 With God the Father and the Son,  
 Thou dost from both proceed, and dwell  
 In both distinct, inseparable,  
 Infinite perfect God and Lord,  
 By saints in heaven, on earth, ador'd.  
 Spirit of God since this Thou art,  
 Blest is the lowly contrite heart,  
 Thy living temple here below,  
 High glory there thy gifts bestow.

The souls by Thee created, led,  
 Are on the Son's full riches fed ;  
 " Abba, dear Father," sweetly they  
 With conscious filial feeling say  
 To Him whom once they fled with fear,  
 Their Judge, forbidding and severe ;  
 And by thy inward witness see  
 Their spirits joined to Him in Thee.  
 Thus all the Son, the Father too,  
 And Holy Comforter, all Thou,  
 All all the Godhead, is their own,  
 In part possess'd, but to be known  
 Soon with unutterable joy,  
 When thou shalt all their sin destroy,  
 And with all holy fulness still  
 Their pure enlarg'd conceptions fill.

## V.

## TO GOD THE FATHER.

*Praise.*

**T**O the Father our thanks are still due  
 For all good that we have, or believe,  
 For discernment the Giver to view,  
 For desire his rich gifts to receive.

'Tis the Father that sent us his Son,  
 In whom Heav'n's inheritance lies,  
 Our Great Head, who victorious hath won  
 For his members eternity's prize.

'Tis the Father that makes us by birth  
 Of the purchas'd possession meet heirs :  
 By his Spirit our spirits on earth  
 For his pureness of love he prepares.

To himself his dear sons he unites,  
 A sweet taste of that river to give,  
 That proceeds from his throne, and delights  
 All the saints in his glory that live.

## VI.

*" This is my Beloved."*

**I** LOVE thee, Saviour, for thy love,  
 Which thou to men hast shewn,  
 O what were they to thee above,  
 On glory's highest throne !

I love Thee for thy loveliness,  
 Surpassing all beside,  
 It shines exceeding all excess,  
 Though but in part descried.

I love Thee for thy love, that breath'd  
 On sinners when they curst,  
 And for its healing pow'r bequeath'd  
 To me of sinners worst.

Yes, I believe Thou lovest me,  
 Because I surely know  
 I love Thee, and the more I see  
 Thy grace, more loving grow.

More shall I see Thee, love Thee more  
 On earth before I die,  
 Then seeing face to face adore  
 Thy perfect love on high.

## VII.

### *The Mind of the Spirit.*

**W**HAT sudden storm disturbs our new-born  
 peace?

Why droop our souls with chilling sense of sin?  
 Jesu, Redeemer, when shall sorrow cease,  
 And the sure mercies of thy reign begin?

O Holy Ghost! Almighty Paraclete!  
 Dispenser of the sovereign Godhead's love,  
 Thy interceding groans in us intreat,  
 Thy speechless cries our spirits heav'nward  
 move.



Blest be thy work, true Comforter, 'tis done ;  
 A holy calm succeeds that stirring strife ;  
 A healing light, more quick'ning than the sun,  
 Wakes our cheer'd hearts to liberty and life.

## VIII.

*Sovereign Mercy.*

SIN is high treason against Him,  
 Who rules in heav'n o'er all,  
 Whom hosts of purest seraphim  
 Their God thrice holy call.

What vengeance then by just award  
 Shall man, vile rebel, prove ?  
 Infinite is thy justice, Lord,  
 But infinite thy love.

Behold me born of Adam's race,  
 Shapen, conceiv'd in sin :  
 Thy wisdom give me, God of grace,  
 Thy cleansing truth within.

'Tis giv'n—thy mercy I perceive,  
 How free, how full, how sure !  
 Yes, thy salvation I believe,  
 And seek no other cure.

No more I shrink with shame abash'd,  
 In terror faint no more,  
 By Jesu's blood of sprinkling wash'd,  
 I love Thee, and adore.

## IX.

*Sovereign Wisdom.*

**O** GOD, thou art the Governor  
 Of all below, and all above,  
 Thou dost thy sov'reign gifts confer,  
 As fix'd by thy eternal love.

From Thee with joy I take the grace  
 Thy wisdom for me has assign'd,  
 Not fearing thou wilt e'er efface  
 Thy child from thy paternal mind.

How excellent, O King of kings,  
 Is thy all-wise, all-righteous reign !  
 Unmov'd, beneath thy guardian wings,  
 My conscious soul shall still remain.

While headlong thousands round me press,  
 With desperate aims, to endless woe,  
 Thy name I more and more will bless,  
 Till Thee, as I am known, I know.

## X.

*Sovereign Power.*

**JEHOVAH** reigns! then what if men,  
 Blind worms, against his kingdom strive:  
 Can fire, or sword, or tongue, or pen,  
 Th' Omnipotent to ruin drive?

Jesus is King; gone up on high,  
 Transcendent on his throne of grace,  
 He rules with all authority  
 The human and th' infernal race.

"So far, no farther, shall ye go,"  
 He says; unconscious of his will,  
 So far the floods of malice flow,  
 And but his high behests fulfil.

Wrapt in thy everlasting arms,  
 I lay my soul on thee to rest,  
 My Saviour King, in all alarms,  
 All dangers, evils, safe and blest.

## XI.

*The Redeemer Omnipotent.*

**CHRIST** to the uttermost can save  
 Souls, that to God by him draw nigh,  
 Since risen from the conquer'd grave,  
 He ever lives to hear their cry.

Pass'd into heav'n, a great High Priest,  
 To clear their conscience from all stains,  
 Not with the blood of bird or beast,  
 But with his own, he deathless reigns.

Over God's house all pow'r is his,  
 Both to shut out, and to let in,  
 To bind in chains his enemies,  
 And free poor pris'ners from their sin.

He has the keys of death and hell,  
 He has the throne of life and joy ;  
 The angels, that in might excel,  
 Serve him to bless or to destroy.

Soon shall we share, when to him brought,  
 All good his Spirit can convey,  
 All that his perfect merits bought,  
 All that the Father's pow'r can pay.

## XII.

*The Redeemer unchangeable.*

**Y**ESTERDAY, to-day, for ever  
 Jesus Christ abides the same,  
 None can him from God dis sever,  
 None can change his saving Name.

Ever on his throne remaining  
 Perfect in his righteousness,  
 Ever for his people reigning  
 Watchful, to preserve and bless.

He at eve, and night, and morning,  
 Condescends to all their cares,  
 Never humbled sinners scorning,  
 Never deaf to feeblest prayers.

On the dark and frozen ocean,  
 On earth's sandy deserts drear,  
 In the tempest's wild commotion,  
 He unmov'd is ever near.

He, when Satan's fiercest legions  
 Round the poor believer rave,  
 He in death's most dismal regions  
 Still is present, strong to save.

To the saints, with trials clouded,  
 If at times he seem estrang'd,  
 Soon he shall appear unshrouded,  
 On their side in judgment rang'd.

Then their souls shall bless for ever  
 Jesus Christ's immortal Name,  
 To his people alter'd never,  
 Through eternity the same.

## XIII.

*God only seen in Christ.*

**NO** mortal eye can ever see  
The Father, far above all sight,  
All life's self-living Deity,  
Supreme, eternal, infinite.

Thou dost declare his truth and grace,  
Only-begotten Son alone ;  
In thee thy faithful people trace  
The image of thy Father shewn.

Thou in his bosom art, and He  
In thee inseparable is ;  
One throughout all eternity,  
Join'd by one Spirit, thine and his.

But this none unenlighten'd view,  
'Tis hid from sense and reason's sight ;  
This thine Apostles never knew,  
'Till guided by the Spirit's light.

Led by that light, we live and grow,  
Through faith in God, our God and thine ;  
Assur'd that Him in Thee to know  
Is life immortal and divine.

## XIV.

*“ Known unto God are all his works.”*

**NONE**, O Jehovah, beside thee  
Knew, since the world began,  
Thy deep unsearchable decree,  
To rescue fallen man.

Prophets at length, and holy kings,  
By thee awaken'd, caught  
A distant glimpse of better things,  
In types and visions taught.

But none by deepest search convey'd  
Thy truth to clearer light,  
In Jesus first it shone display'd,  
For Nature's eye too bright.

Men in his charms no beauty saw,  
And men no beauty see ;  
Unless thy love their spirits draw,  
They hate both Him and Thee.

Unknown, unheeded, undesir'd,  
Salvation's glory beams,  
Save to the souls from heav'n inspir'd,  
Strange myst'ry still it seems.

## XV.

*What is the chief good ?*

**I**N God alone my good I see,  
And make of him my only boast,  
Eternal, perfect Deity,  
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

Whate'er in man or angel shines,  
Deriv'd, reflected, from him beams,  
In him are joy's exhaustless mines,  
He is the fount of heav'nly streams.

When nature charms me, or when grace,  
Through all his creatures, whether seen  
By mind or body's sight, his face  
Smiles on my conscious heart serene.

O God, my whole sole good, life, bliss,  
Whom shall I seek beside Thee None.  
For this I look, this, only this,  
With Thee for ever to be one.

## XVI.

*Reason for triumph.*

**I**N God's eternal Son rejoice,  
Ye sons of God most high,  
He that hath him by faith's fix'd choice,  
Hath life, and ne'er shall die.



He is Jehovah, he is yours,  
 He in the flesh hath done  
 Salvation's work, and ris'n, secures  
 The kingdom he hath won.

Yes, he is ours, self-giv'n to bless  
 Our souls with perfect joy.  
 He is the Lord our Righteousness.  
 Who can the Lord destroy?

## XVII.

*" Be ye holy, for I am holy."*

**G**OD'S holy Spirit from the love of sin  
 His children frees, to hate it evermore;  
 As soon as born, their infant songs begin  
 The Holy, Holy, Holy, to adore.

More holy, as of God the more they learn  
 Discover'd in his holy Son, they grow;  
 More happy, as more holy, yea, they yearn  
 For their full joy all sanctity to know.

No slave of sin can ever love the Lord;  
 None without holiness Him ever see:  
 By growing saints on earth his praise is pour'd,  
 In heav'n by spirits from pollution free.

## XVIII.

*The believers' golden rule.*

**WHAT** is the rule of those, who tread  
The path Apostles trod,  
And, by the Holy Spirit led,  
March right to rest with God?

In Christ all else availeth nought,  
All else is vile and loss,  
Save a new creature, made and taught  
To glory in his cross.

This rule of our redeeming Lord,  
Faith, working love, requires;  
This is the precept of his word,  
And this his grace inspires.

His brethren of celestial birth,  
Endued with pow'r and will,  
Alone of all that dwell on earth,  
This perfect rule fulfil.

His Gospel in their hearts engrav'd,  
His hidden life within,  
Exalt the spirits he has sav'd  
To hate and conquer sin;

To sacrifice all hopes beside ;  
 All fleshly joys to fly ;  
 To crucify self-righteous pride ;  
 Unto the world to die.

Such are the sons of God below,  
 A holy royal race,  
 His kings and priests design'd to shew,  
 The glories of his grace.

Mercy and peace their steps attend  
 Along the narrow way,  
 The pledge of blessings ne'er to end,  
 The dawn of heav'n's full day.

### XIX.

*The lovely law of the God of love.*

**I** LOVE, O Lord, thy holy law,  
 'Tis written in my heart ;  
 To Christ its inward lessons draw  
 My spirit, ne'er to part.

By it I learn'd myself to know,  
 Rebellious, vile, and weak,  
 To him all righteousness to owe,  
 From him all pardon seek.

If I forget him, all its pains  
 With sharp conviction drive  
 My soul to him, from bloody stains  
 Its conscience to revive.

Thus joy and peace through it I gain,  
 While by its light I see,  
 Whate'er God's strict demands ordain,  
 Saviour, fulfill'd in Thee.

Up to its height, and far above  
 Its highest rules to live,  
 I ever seek in filial love  
 By power, that God can give.

## XX.

*The soul panting for purity.*

**O** THAT my inmost heart were free  
 From sin's last secret stain,  
 Made, O my Saviour, like to thee,  
 So ever to remain.

O that nought carnal ever came  
 From God my views to lead,  
 And damp the pure celestial flame  
 Thou dost within me feed.

When peace and hope have sooth'd my  
 breast,  
 When heav'nly visions rise,  
 Too oft the serpent breaks my rest  
 With sudden keen surprise.

Not long in heav'n-born souls unheal'd  
 His venom'd wounds annoy ;  
 Thy blood and Spirit quickly yield,  
 Dear Lord, reviving joy.

But grant me, since none else can be  
 God's people, but the pure,  
 Thy Father's presence soon to see  
 Unspotted and secure.

## XXI.

*The first resurrection.*

**F**ROM the first dark death of sin  
 Already rais'd by thee,  
 Blessed Jesus, we begin  
 The light of life to see.

In the glories of thy grace,  
 Each day we view still more  
 The reflection of that face,  
 Which perfect saints adore.

Then never shall we fall  
 To sin's last death of fire;  
 But soon inherit all  
 The riches of thy Sire.

And what is all beside,  
 All losses and all gains,  
 While he is ours, who died,  
 And for his brethren reigns?

## XXII.

*The Sun that never sets.*

IN light God's holy children live,  
 Which nought on earth can dim:  
 Hid in their hearts, its glories give  
 A clear approach to Him.

Through winter's wildest, saddest days,  
 When thick'ning tempests roll,  
 It shines with undiminish'd rays  
 Upon the faithful soul.

In sorrow's deepest, deadliest night,  
 Far worse than nature's gloom,  
 Its cheering splendours hope excite,  
 To sooth the mourner's doom.

O'er summer skies, when all things round  
 Smile fair, it points the way  
 To realms, where life's rich fruits abound  
 Through never-ending day.

In happy hours, when peace and love  
 A taste of heav'n afford,  
 It shews how happier saints above  
 Enjoy their living Lord.

O Sun of Righteousness, this light,  
 This wond'rous light, is thine,  
 Beyond all earthly lustre bright,  
 Above the heav'ns divine.

Angelic, Archangelic pow'rs  
 From Thee their beauty gain ;  
 Thou gladden'st all th' eternal hours  
 Of life's unmeasur'd reign.

### XXIII.

*The two lights.*

WELCOME, when men in darkness stray,  
 The Moon through clouds appears ;  
 Her beams, though feeble, guide their way,  
 And chase their gath'ring fears.

But better far at morning's hour  
 The Sun's reviving blaze ;  
 Our spirits own his quick'ning pow'r,  
 And kindle at his rays.

So to the soul, when sorrows rise,  
 The mem'ry of past grace  
 With sweet reflection light supplies,  
 God's truth and love to trace.

But happier they, who to the Sun  
 Of Righteousness still turn ;  
 With liberty their race they run,  
 With answ'ring warmth they burn.

In darkest hours his living light  
 For ever shines the same,  
 Nor dimm'd by clouds, nor hid in night,  
 To them that love his Name.

## XXIV.

*New Light.*

**GOD** gives his saints new light,  
 That their cheer'd souls may see  
 New grace, new glory in the sight  
 Of his Son's victory.



Wonderful Light divine!  
 Hid in a house of clay,  
 Its secret splendours inward shine,  
 And shed mysterious day.

What is the jewell'd crown?  
 The monarch's glitt'ring state?  
 The golden prize, the rich renown  
 On high success that wait?

What from his throne of noon  
 The blaze of day's bright king?  
 The orient beams of gladd'ning June?  
 All summer and all spring?

Faint to the Light divine,  
 Hid in a house of clay,  
 Whose secret splendours inward shine,  
 And shed mysterious day.

## XXV.

*The Almighty Father's pleasure in his infant  
 Children.*

**T**HE Father of all spirits views  
 With joy his new-born race,  
 In whom the Holy Ghost renews  
 The likeness of his face.

The lustre, which in Adam sin  
Effac'd, again appears ;  
And love's bright lineaments begin  
In hearts long black with fears.

The image of his Son they wear,  
Who in his bosom lives ;  
He forms their souls divinely fair,  
He all their beauty gives.

Fed by his fulness they revive ;  
Wash'd in his living streams,  
To Him they look, from Him derive  
Reflected glory's beams.

Thus in the Father's eyes they shine  
His sons of light again,  
Fit to inherit life divine,  
And in his kingdom reign.

In love he will upon them rest,  
With singing, with delight ;  
They are his people, kept and blest,  
His jewels still in sight.

## XXVI.

*Water out of the wells of salvation.*

**How** sweet, how exalting, how wond'rous  
the sight,

Of God reconcil'd in his Son!

It sheds through the faithful eternity's light,  
A heav'n in the spirit begun.

O Father, delighted thine image to trace  
In the souls thou hast chosen and blest,  
Exalt thy own purchas'd, thy sanctified race,  
In Thyself to rejoice and to rest.

Far, far from this earth in communion of love  
Let their souls spring with holy desire,  
And, drawn by the taste of thy pleasures above,  
To Thee ever growing aspire.

Still higher in Thee to discover all grace,  
Beyond all discov'ry sublime,  
All wisdom, all beauty, enamour'd to trace,  
Through the veil of the body and time.

These joys Thou wilt give us, till rais'd to full  
bliss,

Infinitude's myst'ries we read,  
And draw from the depths of thy love's bright  
abyss,

Transcendence of glory indeed.

## XXVII.

*The gift of God.*

**I**N vain malicious sinners seek  
 Immortal faith to kill;  
 It guards the lowly and the meek  
 From Satan's deepest skill.

In vain self-righteous workers strive  
 Its gracious pow'r to gain,  
 Or watchful hypocrites contrive  
 Its hidden life to feign.

It flows from mercy's fount above,  
 And pours through new-made hearts  
 A blessed thirst of perfect love,  
 Which God alone imparts.

It springs within a living well,  
 A well of life, that runs  
 With streams by none receivable,  
 But God's regen'rate sons.

## XXVIII.

*Peace found in the world.*

**"WHERE** in the world can peace be found?"  
 Full oft vain worldlings cry;  
 "That heav'nly guest on earthly ground,  
 "Seen seldom, soon to fly?"

Their hearts are like the troubled sea,  
 That casts up sand and foam;  
 In search of strange felicity  
 In spirit still they roam.

Sometimes within the carnal breast  
 A sluggish calm is spread  
 By Satan's opiate—fatal rest,  
 The slumber of the dead.

But soon their souls shall vengeance wake,  
 Like child-birth's sudden throes,  
 Ever to feel in Hell's hot lake,  
 Bottomless burning woes.

Yet peace, immortal peace, is known  
 On earth, a heav'nly guest;  
 It makes its palace and its throne  
 Within the faithful breast.

It is God's peace, giv'n to secure  
 Christ's people for Christ's sake;  
 It is the spirit's safeguard sure;  
 Its fortress none shall shake.

Past understanding by all skill  
 Of Satan it remains,  
 The mind and heart from ev'ry ill  
 Preserving, where it reigns.

## XXIX.

*" My peace I give unto you."*

**WE** thank thee, Saviour, for thy peace ;  
 Like morning's light it seems  
 New ris'n, when midnight tempests cease,  
 With mild refreshing beams.

Like dewy eve, when nature faints  
 With summer's fev'rish fires,  
 E'en thus thy Spirit in thy saints  
 A holy calm inspires.

What though the world pour all its storms  
 This sunshine to destroy,  
 Their hearts far inward still it warms  
 With secret steady joy.

Serene at home, they look abroad  
 Unmov'd by sinners' strife,  
 By Satan's fiercest sons unaw'd,  
 Secure in hidden life.

## XXX.

*Good Hope.*

**O** GOD of hope, the souls are blest,  
 That draw their hopes from Thee,  
 A little of thy love possess'd  
 Is pledge of more to be.

Believing in thy Son we raise  
 Our confidence so high ;  
 Through Him the feeblest saint surveys  
 Divine deliv'rance nigh.

Perfect salvation, free and sure,  
 He ever keeps for those,  
 Who on his finish'd work secure  
 With joy and peace repose.

True joy, true peace, they only share,  
 Who this true faith are taught,  
 That He for them is glory's heir,  
 And they for Him are bought.

This sure delight sure hope supplies,  
 An anchor ne'er to fail,  
 Fix'd in the haven of the skies,  
 And ent'ring through the veil.

## XXXI.

*Paradise lost and regained.*

**T**HE Paradise in Eden plac'd,  
 With outward beauty bright,  
 No charms retain'd, when man debas'd  
 In God found no delight.

For what are groves and breathing bow'rs  
To hearts with passion toss'd?  
What rosy spring's eternal hours,  
When peace of mind is lost?

The bliss of Eden is restor'd,  
When holy joys within  
To new created hearts afford  
Sweet sense of pardon'd sin.

The soul refin'd and rais'd surveys  
God's works with open'd eyes,  
And owns in rude and desert ways  
The great Creator wise.

E'en winter charms, e'en tempests swell  
Its conscious thoughts on high  
To Him, who rules invisible  
O'er earth, and sea, and sky.

He for his people orders all  
Above, around, below,  
And will, when suns and planets fall,  
In them his wonders shew.



## XXXII.

*High birth and great riches.*

OUR Father is the God,  
From whom all being sprung,  
Who spread the heav'ns abroad,  
The earth on nothing hung.

His providence sustains  
The mighty and the mean ;  
His word unchang'd remains  
For souls that on him lean.

His grace is over all,  
And in all that believe ;  
To Him in prayer they call,  
From him by prayer receive.

What can they want, for whom  
Their God so great and good  
Can make the desert bloom,  
The highway yield them food ?

The bread of heav'n they need,  
That bread of heav'n he gives,  
On his Son's flesh to feed,  
And live the life he lives.

## XXXIII.

*A new kingdom.*

**T**HERE is a kingdom known to few,  
Which a small space contains ;  
There hid from all external view  
A King unrivall'd reigns.

This kingdom God's own Spirit wins  
For Jesus in man's heart :  
He binds the pow'r of struggling sins,  
And bids Hell's Prince depart.

Then comes pure righteousness applied,  
Then springs sweet joy and peace,  
Which ever by his pow'r abide,  
And day by day increase.

While thus our spirits fitter grow  
To reign with heav'n's bright Lord,  
We fear not what may come below,  
Pain, ruin, fire, or sword.

We fear not wily sinners' arts,  
We fear not Satan's host.  
For who shall sever from our hearts  
Thy kingdom, Holy Ghost ?

## XXXIV.

*Gifts.*

**ALL** gifts are from above,  
And every gift is grace,  
Giv'n freely by the God of love,  
To bless his chosen race.

He bids his sun ascend  
Alike upon th' unjust,  
His clouds their fruitful riches send  
Where none his bounty trust.

This good is transient all,  
For ever lost to them ;  
Sun, clouds, and sinners soon shall fall,  
And gifts the fool condemn.

What are thy perfect gifts,  
Great Father of all light ?  
*Christ thy own Son, and faith*, that lifts  
To Him our inward sight.

*Love* by the Spirit pour'd  
Through thy dear Son from Thee,  
Unchangeable, unsullied Lord,  
From turn and shadow free.

Thy first-fruits we are thus,  
 The choice of all that live,  
 More than the world thou givest us,  
 And wilt all blessings give.

· Blessings that never cease,  
 Nor change through endless days,  
 But ever in thy light increase,  
 And yield Thee larger praise.

## XXXV.

*Appetite increasing with enjoyment.*

O GOD, abundant is thy grace,  
 And large is my desire;  
 All that e'er bless'd thy chosen race  
 My longing hopes require.

O that thy Christ might ever dwell  
 By faith within my heart,  
 O that I might in love excel,  
 Which thy rich gifts impart.

Yea, rooted, grounded, stablish'd, built  
 Upon the love of Thee,  
 Let my fix'd spirit, cleans'd from guilt,  
 Thy hidden wisdom see.

Taught with all saints to apprehend  
 The length, breadth, depth, and height,  
 Salvation's glories, that extend  
 Beyond created sight.

Christ's love, above all knowledge vast,  
 More daily make me know,  
 Till fill'd with all the grace at last,  
 That man can taste below.

## XXXVI.

*A happy servant satisfied with a good master.*

I EVER seek in grace to grow,  
 That I may ever happier be,  
 And ever to thy people shew,  
 Dear Holy Father, more of Thee.

But if it be thy will, that I  
 Far from the faithful live alone,  
 Yet not the less I seek, I sigh,  
 That thou may'st make thy riches known.

Happy in Thee, O let me hear  
 Glad tidings, that thy sovereign grace  
 Shines in new sons, though they appear  
 Beyond me both in name and place.

Enough for me that I am thine,  
 That daily I enjoy Thee more,  
 And soon shall in thy light divine  
 With all true saints thy name adore.

## XXXVII.

*A servant's true glory.*

**BE** glorified, O God, let me  
 Be nought, so thou art all ;  
 I glory in thy majesty,  
 Safe, since thou ne'er canst fall.

Make me, O Lord, whate'er thou wilt,  
 Thou wilt not make me wrong ;  
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from guilt ;  
 Thou art my strength and song.

What else I am, how priz'd, how scorn'd  
 By man, it matters not:  
 With thy enfolding grace adorn'd  
 True honour I have got.

In death and life this joy be mine,  
 My glory this alone,  
 All lower leanings to resign,  
 In Thee all trust to own.

## XXXVIII.

*My portion for ever.*

**O** GOD, my Father and my King,  
My treasure, my desire,  
From Thee my faith, hope, love, all spring,  
To Thee they all aspire.

By sin assaulted, men revil'd,  
My soul can ne'er despair ;  
He, that loves God, is God's own child,  
Of heav'n, of heav'n an heir.

All things along this vale of tears  
Together work him good,  
Weal, woe, health, sickness, hopes, and fears,  
Rest, trial, hunger, food.

## XXXIX.

*The glory of God's secret sons.*

**REJOICE**, believer, though unknown  
To all the faithful far and near ;  
The Father knows thee for his own,  
Thou shalt with Christ in light appear.

'Tis not in man to bless thee more  
 Than God in secret can thee bless ;  
 Thou having him hast all in store ;  
 Thou canst no higher good possess.

Jesus upon thee looks, and pleads  
 For thee, no less than all his sheep ;  
 His love all love of men exceeds,  
 His pow'r thy soul shall ever keep.

## XL.

*Safety in sorrow.*

**B**LEST is the broken, contrite heart,  
 The self-abhorring soul,  
 That looks to nothing else in part,  
 But Jesus for the whole.

What shall the self-approving say,  
 Before *his* judgment throne ?  
 All, all shall sink, save those, whose stay  
 Is Christ, and Christ alone.

O for a constant sense of guilt !  
 Though sharp the chast'ning rod,  
 So shall my soul be firmly built  
 Upon the Rock of God.



## XLI.

*Strength out of weakness.*

**FRET** not, believer, if awhile  
Dark mists around thee rise,  
Nor yet if God's paternal smile  
No longer meet thine eyes.

Subservient to thy good, all ill  
Is by thy Father made :  
His rod and staff support thee still  
In death's most gloomy shade.

Stronger and wiser thou shalt grow,  
By strokes that wound thee sore,  
And soon through tribulations know  
Thy Saviour's mercy more.

## XLII.

*Glory in grief.*

**ALL** suffer, whom the King of heav'n  
Hath made his fellow-heirs ;  
'Tis thus from nature's evil leaven  
His Spirit cleanses theirs.

He suffer'd, though all pure within,  
 From hell's despiteful crew ;  
 He bore the heavy load of sin,  
 And death's worst torments knew.

Rejoice, believers, in your grief,  
 Made like unto your Lord ;  
 Soon shall his grace bring sweet relief,  
 And livelier strength afford.

## XLIII.

*Light out of darkness.*

WHEN deep convictions shake the soul,  
 When sins in horrid form,  
 Accuse the conscience, black and foul,  
 When fiends exulting storm,

When all the fiery pit below,  
 Seems yawning to receive  
 The rebel to his God, then, lo,  
 Comes Jesus to relieve.

Then he reveals his boundless love,  
 His finish'd work proclaims,  
 And points to Mercy's throne above,  
 From Hell's encircling flames.

## XLIV.

*Sufficient grace.*

**OH** why these base unworthy fears  
 That vex my heart's repose?  
 Jesus at God's right hand appears  
 To answer all my foes.

His blood for all my guilt atones,  
 His righteousness is mine.  
 Yes, yes, my soul its surety owns,  
 My Saviour is divine.

All saints I know by birth are curst,  
 And black as wretched I:  
 Paul self-pronounc'd of sinners worst,  
 Now sits with Christ on high.

## XLV.

*Willing captives.*

**WITH** gentle, undiscover'd charm  
 The Serpent round poor sinners winds;  
 They feel not, see not, deadly harm  
 In wiles, that sooth their willing minds.

For this with praise, for that with gain,  
 For those with pleasure's flow'ry wreath,  
 He twines the everlasting chain,  
 That draws them to his pit beneath.

Innumerable are the snares,  
 The mazes of his fell deceit ;  
 Wild wanton youth, and hoary hairs,  
 The grave, the gay, fit errors cheat.

With thee, Religion? Yes, with thee  
 His closest folds are often made ;  
 False faith, false hope, false charity,  
 These best his sweet delusions aid.

Like angels pure, with borrow'd light,  
 To heav'n he seems the soul to raise,  
 And whispers, that itself is bright,  
 E'en like his own seducing blaze.

Search me, good Lord, O try, and know  
 My inmost thought, my spirit lead  
 In thy pure way of truth below,  
 Till from all guile for ever freed.

## XLVI.

*The odorous sacrifice.*

**NO** pray'rs are lost, that to the throne  
Of mercy and of grace are pour'd  
In Christ's prevailing name alone ;  
Nor small the glory they afford.

They reach the Father's self in Him,  
And, touch'd with his sweet incense, bring  
Good pleasure, where the Cherubim  
Pay tribute to their Holy King.

Laid on his altar, and convey'd  
In vessels not of gems and gold,  
But Jesus' precious merits made,  
They cannot perish, or grow old.

There shall we see, when we arise,  
Those fruits of God's own Spirit live,  
Nor wonder, that Christ's sacrifice  
Such virtue to our cries could give.

O come, pure Spirit, from me send  
Fresh odours to the throne of grace ;  
So shall glad smiles, when I ascend,  
Beam largely from the Father's face.

## XLVII.

*Prayer for meekness.*

**WOULD** that my spirit were the same,  
 Affectionate and meek,  
 As that of Jesus, when he came  
 Lost enemies to seek.

Not that I e'er could plead it, Lord,  
 As aught of good in me,  
 But that it should my soul afford  
 New likeness unto Thee.

So in my bosom, heav'nly peace  
 Without a storm should shine,  
 And every restless movement cease  
 Of temper not divine.

## XLVIII.

*Zeal for God's honour answered.*

**GOD**, thou beholdest all around,  
 How evil men with malice burn,  
 Intent thy holy seed to wound,  
 And from thy peace our footsteps turn.

Thee in thy people, Lord, they hate,  
 They are thy foes, not our's alone.  
 Arise, thine honour vindicate,  
 The scorers check, the children own.

Already o'er the rebel race  
 Hangs treasur'd vengeance soon to fall;  
 Triumphant then the sons of grace  
 Shall hymn the righteous Judge of all.

No speck, great God, thy wisdom taints;  
 Man is a worm, blind child of dust;  
 But thou the perfect King of Saints,  
 Whose will, whose ways, are true and just.

# XLIX.

*The Rock of death and life.*

**BEHOLD**, in Zion, saith the Lord,  
 A stumbling-stone I lay,  
 A rock, that shall offence afford  
 To sinners in their way.

They stumble through their stubborn pride,  
 Appointed to that doom,  
 And make the Head Stone they deride  
 Their souls o'erwhelming tomb.

On whomsoe'er it falls, it grinds  
 To powder all his frame ;  
 In it the wretched sinner finds  
 At death his endless shame.

But shame shall never be their lot,  
 Who on its strength repose ;  
 A firm foundation they have got,  
 A refuge from all foes ;—

Elect, and precious, sure, and tried,  
 A heav'nly living stone,  
 By God approv'd, by men denied,  
 Believers' rest alone.

When earth shall crumble, skies depart,  
 And men in mis'ry wail,  
 No fears shall reach the faithful heart ;  
 It's Rock can never fail.

L.

*The bulwark of Zion.*

**SALVATION** is the wall  
 Around God's city built,  
 Where he receives, and shelters all,  
 Who flee to him from guilt.



'Tis not of stone or brass,  
But Jesus' merits sure,  
Which highest heav'n in height surpass,  
And beyond time endure.

Deep in th' Eternal Rock,  
Far, far above the sky,  
Securely fix'd from ev'ry shock,  
Its broad foundations lie.

No man, no creature, made  
The least of all its length,  
Complete and perfect without aid,  
By God's almighty strength.

All efforts to impair  
His finish'd work are vain :  
No hold, no op'ning, ever there  
Our subtlest foes shall gain.

No storms, or fire, no flood,  
Can pierce it or deface,  
Cemented fast with purest blood,  
Adorn'd with living grace.

Its gates still open wide,  
To save from ev'ry sin ;  
But none without a heav'nly guide  
Can pass, and enter in.

Jesus, the Guide art Thou,  
 The Gate, the Tow'r, the Wall,  
 Our Rock, our Rest, our Refuge now,  
 Our Strength, our All in All.

# LI.

## *The Gate of Heaven.*

**OF** souls the Door art Thou,  
 O Son of God most high,  
 By Thee we enter now  
 On life, that ne'er can die.

Of heav'n the Gate Thou art,  
 Too strait, and high to find,  
 For man's corrupted heart,  
 In native folly blind.

Once enter'd in by Thee,  
 Our souls repent no more;  
 The shining path they see  
 To life's celestial shore.

On, on for evermore  
 They press, they run, they rise,  
 Who find Thee, Christ their door,  
 Who through Thee seek the skies.

By his Father, Lord of all,  
 They were giv'n his flock to be ;  
 None shall perish, none shall fall,  
 But his face for ever see.

## LV.

*The bankrupt made rich.*

**MY** Saviour, in Thee  
 I see and adore  
 Of goodness for me  
 Enough, and far more.  
 Long time in proud sorrow  
 Unhumbled I lay,  
 Sometimes tried to borrow,  
 But never could pay.

At last quite undone  
 I bow'd to the rod,  
 And own'd my goods none  
 To satisfy God :  
 Then found him my lover,  
 In Jesus all grace ;  
 And daily discover  
 New smiles in his face.

No terrors invade  
 The reconcil'd heart ;  
 Its debts are all paid ;  
 Its doubts all depart ;  
 Its wealth is the treasure,  
 Hid safely above,  
 In Christ beyond measure,  
 God's infinite love.

## LVI.

*Some intercourse with great company.*

**SOMETIMES** in high communion  
 Our souls enlighten'd spring,  
 To join in clearer union  
 Heav'n's armies, while they sing.

One spirit in us dwelling,  
 Thy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 Binds us to them excelling  
 In place, and pow'r, and love.

In one divine employment  
 Of praise and thanks we meet,  
 O for their pure enjoyment,  
 Unending, and complete.

O through the veil to enter,  
 And in the presence pour  
 Our love to the Great Centre  
 Of life, whom they adore.

## LVII.

*A song of degrees.*

IT cheers the faithful soul to walk  
 With fellow saints, who share  
 The Father's love, and freely talk,  
 And pour out praise and pray'r.

'Tis sweet in solitude to rise,  
 And with the saints on high  
 In spirit yield our sacrifice  
 To God's all-seeing eye.

But far the happiest are those hours,  
 When He himself comes down,  
 And on our gladden'd spirits show's  
 The influence of his own.

Then in Himself center'd all,  
 Our thoughts complacent rest ;  
 Then for no other joys we call,  
 In Him entirely blest.

## LVIII.

*A spiritual disputation.*

**WHAT** canst thou do without the Lord,  
My soul, and what beside him need?  
Say, did he not unask'd afford  
Jesus for thee to live and bleed?

Is heav'n for thee too much? Yet high  
As the true heav'n his merits rise;  
In him is heav'n's eternity,  
Its fulness in his fulness lies.

For what is heav'n, but still to know,  
Still to enjoy his love divine?  
Created good to this is low:  
Yes, this is heav'n; this then is thine.

Himself he gives thee, he will save  
Thee for himself, nor cast away  
The price, which for his own he gave,  
Which he came down and died to pay.

Dost thou believe? Some faith, though weak,  
Thou surely hast; say whence it springs?  
Was it thy spirit made thee seek  
Christ's love, and scorn all meaner things?

Christ's Spirit gave, and keeps alive,  
 His love ; it to himself unites  
 Thee through all trial to survive,  
 And share his infinite delights.

What will he lose ? That glorious Head  
 Lose thee from his living body here ?  
 Without him all are ever dead,  
 None with him death need ever fear.

He cannot in the least of all  
 His members die. That least thou art.  
 Well, thou shalt live, whate'er befall,  
 Since of that deathless whole a part.

Yes, thou shalt live, though Satan strive ;  
 Yes, grow, though faint thy life appears ;  
 Or what if death to-day arrive ?  
 Rise vig'rous for eternal years.

# LIX.

*What is prayer ?*

**P**RAY'R is the language of the faithful heart,  
 Silent full oft, at times unutterable.  
 The pouring forth of love bestow'd in part,  
 Desiring in the soul all love to dwell.

As more upon Jehovah faith is staid,  
 So larger pray'r to Him with praise is pour'd,  
 And from Him, as they rise, new gifts convey'd,  
 With like proportion joy and peace afford.

Perpetual be my faith, and so my pray'r  
 And quiet joy, till thirst and hunger cease,  
 Till all my soul be love, and not a care  
 Break the pure fulness of eternal peace.

## LX.

*True humility.*

**T**HE souls, that to the God of grace  
 In pray'r and praises often cry,  
 Are those that much themselves abase,  
 And nature's lofty claims deny.

Those are the humblest men on earth,  
 Who pray'rs and praises ever pour,  
 They bow themselves as nothing worth,  
 And sovereign love for all adore.

The humblest is the happiest soul ;  
 It lives on God the most, and knows  
 What peace from having Him its whole  
 Of being and of blessing flows.



## LXI.

*A Minister's glory.*

**G**REAT Friend of poor and lowly men,  
 Who touch'd with love our form didst take,  
 Thy servant's humble form, and then  
 Still lower stoop for servants' sake.

Let me the poor and lowly lead  
 To Thee, my Lord, that they may know  
 Humility is rest indeed,  
 And glory lower still to grow.

The lowest of the low in heart,  
 Servant of servants, make me here,  
 That, when I shall to Thee depart,  
 I may with thy chief guests appear.

## LXII.

*Works of the flesh and mind.*

**G**RACIOUS God, what passions wild  
 Once within my bosom rag'd,  
 Till thy Spirit, pure and mild,  
 All their violence assuag'd!

Sparks of Hell's tormenting fire  
 Still consum'd my secret life ;  
 Anger, hatred, fierce desire,  
 Warring oft, like fiends at strife.

All my body, all my mind,  
 From Thee and against Thee turn'd,  
 Satan rul'd : what he design'd,  
 Ready to fulfil I burn'd.

Yet with words I honour'd Thee,  
 Saying that I was thy child,  
 And to Jesus bow'd the knee,  
 When with love of sin defil'd.

Oft my guilty wrath I deem'd  
 Honourable zeal for Thee :  
 Oft in fierce resentment seem'd  
 Christ's advocate to be.

Oft upon my native wings  
 High as heav'n I seem'd to soar,  
 And adoring fancied things,  
 Thought I did the Lord adore.

Gracious God, the praise is thine,  
 That my soul is calm and free,  
 That I all myself resign,  
 Ever to repose in thee.

## LXIII.

*God found of them that sought him not.*

**T**HE ills in which with desp'rate lust  
Poor sinners plunge their souls,  
Are rul'd to good, when check'd they trust  
In God, who sin controls.

By unsuspected ways he leads  
Wild wand'ers to his grace;  
He binds the wounds of him that bleeds,  
All bruise'd in Satan's race.

Just to the edge of hell's dark gulf  
He suffers him to run,  
Then clears his eyes, and from the wolf  
Recalls him to his Son.

## LXIV.

*The weakness and strength of the word.*

**T**HE souls who by God's Spirit free,  
Are new begotten from the dead,  
The first-fruit of his works to be,  
All through the word are born and led.

Powerless remain its mighty pow'rs,  
 Its sanctifying truth conceal'd,  
 Till He his light upon it show'rs,  
 And makes it life and vigour yield.

Invincible is then its force ;  
 Its vivifying food impels  
 The soul unwearied in its course,  
 Till in full wisdom's light it dwells.

## LXV.

*Name of Jesus.*

**J**ESUS, mysterious name !  
 Heav'n, earth, are join'd in thee,  
 Man's flesh and the eternal flame  
 Of glorious Deity.

Name, at which Angels fall  
 Prostrate, as on it now  
 For all sufficient aid I call  
 With awe, with awe I bow.

It is a loving awe,  
 For in that name is love ;  
 Its influences my spirit draw  
 To live on things above.

No other names I need,  
No titles valued here,  
No pow'rs of earth or hell I heed,  
No vaunted great ones fear.

Jesus, thou art the name,  
The only name for me,  
My wealth, my joy, my strength, my fame,  
Incarnate Deity.

Vine, Head, Door, Rock, and Light,  
All great, all gracious things,  
That charm all senses, all unite  
In Thee, our King of kings.

Blest conqu'ror, all the pow'rs  
Of earth, hell, heav'n, fall down  
To Thee, and all thy state is ours,  
Thine, Son of man, our crown.

In life, death, judgment's day,  
Our rest is in thy name:  
It cannot fail, when worlds decay,  
Jesus, God-man, the same.

## LXVI.

*Faith not Fanaticism.*

**NO** voice from heav'n, no dreams by night,  
No visions of the day,  
Are given to guide the soul aright  
On Faith's substantial way.

The serpent fosters that conceit  
To sooth the carnal mind,  
Content with fancy's empty cheat,  
Since truth it cannot find.

Reason, that can itself discern  
In Christ small wisdom shewn,  
Is by the Spirit made to learn  
His greatness, and to own.

Its eyes enlighten'd see to read  
Manifold charms in him ;  
And from his light get light indeed,  
That turns all nature's dim.

The more He shews his radiant face  
The more it owns, that none  
Unblest with God's anointing grace  
Can see Salvation's Sun.

Reason, by God deliver'd thus,  
 From falsehood's native shade,  
 Is made his lamp of light in us,  
 Till Christ be all display'd.

## LXVII

*" Follow thou me."*

**BUT** little, Lord, of Thee they know,  
 Who heed what others do.  
 What to thy saints are men below,  
 While all their life art Thou ?

None e'er by looking off from Thee  
 In heav'nly life increase ;  
 Inward and upward lookers see,  
 And prize thy holy peace.

The Author and the Finisher  
 Of all true faith 'Thou art ;  
 Far wide of joy their footsteps err,  
 Who e'er from Thee depart.

By Thee to run, in Thee rejoice,  
 To view Thee more and more,  
 This is our soul's delib'rate choice,  
 Our hope, till life be o'er.

## LXVIII.

*Extremes.*

**MEN** Christ and Christ's by nature's light  
 Mere foolishness esteem ;  
 In both strange opposites unite,  
 Which contradictions seem.

Few with right faith thy mystery,  
 Incarnate God, are taught ;  
 None but thy faithful people see  
 Thy image in them wrought.

Some ask, shall tears for ever flow ?  
 Others, smiles still increase ?  
 The truth is, both together go,  
 Grief works our joy and peace.

And thus it works them. Godly grief  
 To God the faithful sends ;  
 They cry unto him for relief,  
 Then large his love descends.

So honour with humility,  
 And grief with gladness dwell,  
 Increasing in the like degree ;  
 Great saints in both excel.



In both like him, who died for me,  
 O may I therefore grow,  
 Like him, th' Incarnate Deity,  
 Both joy and sorrow know.

## LXIX.

*The spiritual husbandman.*

**NOT** a step backward can I stir ;  
 My hand is to the plough ;  
 My line perhaps may often err,  
 My frame with faintness bow ;

But on in fair salvation's field  
 For ever will I go,  
 Intent to see it yearly yield  
 More fruits of grace below.

He that now ploughs and sows in tears,  
 With joy his sheaves shall bring  
 To that fair home, where free from fears  
 And toils heav'n's household sing.

## LXX.

*The true meat and drink.*

**O** BLESSED body, blessed blood,  
 Of Jesus, let us feed  
 On that divine substantial food,  
 True meat, true drink indeed !

They that receive it are made one  
 With him, and he with them,  
 One with the Father in the Son ;  
 Who can their souls condemn ?

He is gone up, and reigns on high,  
 His joy believers share ;  
 Sublime, delightful mystery !  
 Their life is with him there.

## LXXI.

*Good things.*

**NO** eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,  
 No heart of sinful man conceiv'd,  
 What good things God hath now conferr'd  
 On souls, that have his truth believ'd.

Yet small the good they now possess  
 To that, which in his boundless love  
 He hath prepared of old to bless  
 The little flock he calls above.

As onward by his Spirit-led  
 They march to him, new hopes arise,  
 New sweetness through their souls is shed,  
 New glories dawn upon their eyes.

But what, though great, is all the good  
 He ever shall on earth bestow ?  
 What to the pure immortal food,  
 Which they who taste no hunger know.

Fulness of bliss beyond all pray'r,  
 Above all thought, is kept on high,  
 For them who are the Father's care,  
 For them who loving Jesus die.

## LXXII.

*The journey of some members of the divine  
 household.*

NOT here is the home of the blest ;  
 Far higher the claims of their birth ;  
 Above the bright heav'ns to their rest  
 They look from this valley of earth ;

Their treasure, their palace is there,  
 Their city, their people, their King,  
 The robes and the crowns they shall wear,  
 Their life's inexhaustible spring.

Then what though they journey in shades,  
 Poor strangers and pilgrims below,  
 When grief e'er their bosoms invades,  
 Their birthright, their blessing they know.

In secret communion e'en now  
 Their spirits uplifted ascend  
 To the throne, where the Seraphim bow,  
 Of bliss the beginning and end.

### LXXIII.

#### *The hidden life.*

**T**HE hidden life, the life divine,  
 From God descending raises those,  
 Who know it, so that they resign  
 The world to taste its pure repose.

For what is all the world to them,  
 Who can with God communion share?  
 They all its joys as base condemn,  
 And in its hopes see but despair.

Some needful time, as God ordains,  
 They pass amidet its busy strife,  
 And bear in part its cares and pains,  
 The chast'ning load of mortal life.

But in their inmost hearts they feel  
 Faith's secret strength the while increase,  
 And holy visitations heal  
 Their spirits with consoling peace.

Heav'n in their view and God appear,  
 No fancied heav'n, no God unknown ;  
 Of it they have a foretaste here,  
 And Him their life within them own.

## LXXIV.

*Green spots in the desert.*

**DEAR** holy hours, when freed from all  
 The world, and all its strife,  
 Unto my Father God I call  
 For light, for love, for life.

Come, blessed seasons of retreat,  
 To hope, to mem'ry dear,  
 But in possession doubly sweet,  
 Oh ! come my heart to cheer.

Father, thou wilt these seasons bring,  
 That I thy face may see,  
 And with unmix'd enjoyment spring  
 Through Jesus up to thee.

Prais'd be thy bounty for such rest  
 On life's terrestrial road ;  
 But soon, oh soon, be thy pure breast  
 My long, my last abode.

## LXXV.

*A secret.*

**G**OD still the same his people keeps  
 In hours, when they behold him not ;  
 The Strength of Israel never sleeps,  
 Or slumbers, if by them forgot.

In him they live, and by him grow,  
 When they appear in spirit dead,  
 As light and heat on nature flow,  
 Though clouds around its sun are spread.

Lord, 'tis enough ; yet far more wise  
 And watchful make me still to pay  
 To Thee more lively sacrifice,  
 Increasing till thy perfect day.

## LXXVI.

*The sure foundation sealed.*

**OUR** God's foundation standeth sure,  
Mark'd with his royal seal,  
And shall his building well secure,  
Till He himself reveal.

That seal's first deep engraving is,  
"The Lord his people knows ;"  
On this amid all enemies  
Their stedfast souls repose.

The second witnesses the same,  
To ev'ry new-made heart ;  
"Let him that names Christ's holy name,  
"From wickedness depart."

Two pledges thus, one seen, one hid,  
This giv'n, that kept on high,  
(His will and work,) alike forbid  
That faithful souls should die.

They that in Christ place all their trust,  
And trusting grow more pure,  
By that proof read that God, all just,  
Both knows and keeps them sure.

## LXXVII.

*The fulness of times.*

FROM God's profound eternal mind  
 His works in wisdom all design'd  
     With wondrous order rise ;  
 A little part our reason sees  
 Of his immensity's decrees,  
     Just what Himself supplies.

Like bond slaves in his household vast,  
 Far more than half Time's circuit past,  
     Mankind unconscious lay ;  
 A few, his children, with the rest  
 Shut up, descried with foresight blest  
     Redemption's distant day.

The fulness of the times came then,  
 When made of flesh like feeble men  
     The Saviour Lord was born ;  
 The children, by his pow'r set free,  
 Rejoic'd in glorious liberty  
     Beneath his Gospel morn.

Say, are we children ? Then no more  
 With fear we fly, with doubt implore



Heav'n's King like guilty slaves ;  
 But sweetly to Him " Father" say,  
 Receive our thanks, and give we pray"  
 Firm faith in Him that saves.

## LXXVIII.

*The Day-Star and the Sun.*

**W**HEN in the gloom of sin's vast pris'n  
 The wretched Gentiles sat forlorn,  
 The Light of Isr'el soon as ris'n  
 Woke some to hail his op'ning morn.

Strange kings, led by the brightness pour'd  
 From that pure star of day, survey'd  
 With joyful wonder, and ador'd  
 Its orient loveliness display'd.

Not long a star—soon fully shewn,  
 Glory's meridian sun he blaz'd  
 O'er the partition wall o'erthrown,  
 And from his kingdom ever raz'd.

Plenteous the access then of those,  
 Who blind and outcast long had been ;  
 The Greek and Jew, no longer foes,  
 Gaz'd on his face to both serene.

Who need despair, if heathens base  
 With Isr'el thus were children made,  
 Children of light, with living grace  
 By his Almighty strength array'd?

He from the shades of death alone  
 Raises poor sinners by his light;  
 No charms can quicken but his own  
 Man's spirit wrapt in nature's night.

Fear not, ye mourners. Does the sun  
 Fail through the length of earthly days?  
 Years cannot lessen as they run  
 The force of Christ's enliv'ning rays.

## LXXIX.

*The glass of glory.*

**T**HE veil is drawn up, and the shadows are  
 past,  
 All the clouds and the storms of the Law,  
 The dawning is o'er, the full Gospel at last  
 Opens eyes that true hope never saw.

There is brightness beyond, too bright, if  
display'd,

For the mind in its bodily shell;  
We see through a glass but its image convey'd,  
All the while upon earth that we dwell.

Serene through that glass to the shades of our  
sphere

The Father's pure radiance comes down;  
In his Son's spotless face we see him appear,  
Without faintness express'd, or a frown.

Our souls gazing on Him in light like Him  
shine

With his love's holy fervency warm'd,  
Still changing from glory to glory divine,  
By the work of his Spirit transform'd.

#### LXXX.

*The groans of the new creation.*

OUR earnest expectation waits  
Thy presence, Lord, to see;  
Thy pow'r our spirits new creates,  
Thy creatures look to Thee.

O God, remaining bondage checks  
 Our struggling heav'n-ward flight,  
 Satan and sin our conscience vex,  
 And cloud thy cheerful light.

• O soon to glorious liberty  
 Release us eyermore  
 From nature's slavish vanity,  
 In light and life to soar.

No more to toil, no more to sigh,  
 No more in chains to pine,  
 No more with speechless groans to cry,  
 But be for ever thine.

# LXXXI.

*Desire, acquiescence, anticipation.*

**F**AR better it is to depart and to dwell,  
 Where our King in his brightness is seen,  
 Where burning with love, all his hosts join to  
 tell  
 What a Saviour he is, and has been.

There they sit without weariness, hunger, or  
care,

And deeper and deeper discern,  
What the riches of glory's inheritance are,  
Ever learn'd, ever wond'rous to learn.

That fulness with love still increasing we  
crave,

Which nought upon earth can allay.  
Oh ! why, blessed Jesus, almighty to save,  
Thy people's enjoyment delay ?

But hear, O ye chosen, the voice of your King ;  
You live for his kingdom below,  
Ordain'd to his fold other wand'ers to bring,  
And sinners his mercy to shew.

Not long in this prison his people shall groan,  
Far less than a span, till set free,  
In the light of his presence exulting they own,  
How wise his eternal decree.

## LXXXII.

*The voice of grace.*

**I SEEK** no other breast  
In life, or death, but one,  
**To be** my all sufficient rest ;—  
My God's, in his dear Son.

I ask no tears to flow  
Over me, when I die ;  
**Jesus** for me shed tears below,  
And smiles for me on high.

In earth my ashes laid  
Shall sleep until the hour,  
**When** the great Sun of life display'd  
Beams on them with his pow'r.

Why should I look so low,  
When Christ my life above  
**Looks** down upon me to bestow  
His Spirit's perfect love ?

Let me behold thee more,  
Life of my life I pray ;  
**Till** freed from earth's frail ties I soar  
To full fruition's day.

## LXXXIII.

*To my poor body.*

**O** BODY, thee I soon shall leave,  
Full long my slavish spirit's slave,  
Till Christ its mis'ry did relieve,  
And thee as well, poor body, save.

What though a little while conceal'd,  
Thou in the dust of earth shalt rot,  
When earth's last day shall be reveal'd,  
Thy atoms shall not be forgot.

When in his glorious body bright  
Our God incarnate shall descend,  
Like his thy frame shall shine in light,  
And live in beauty without end.

Then never, never more to leave  
Me thy immortal spirit blest,  
All joy thou shalt with me receive,  
And share the saints' eternal rest.

## LXXXIV.

*The happy hour.*

'TIS come, the hour when nature faints :  
 Oh happy hour, the flesh shall die,  
 The spirit with the perfect saints  
 Live in all holy liberty.

Faith its last work is doing fast,  
 Hope in short space will be complete,  
 Love in the soul shall reign at last,  
 For ever full, for ever sweet.

Satan his last vain arrow sends,  
 To wound the spirit ere it fly,  
 Angels exult, and Jesus bends  
 To lift it to himself on high.

## LXXXV.

*A faint echo to the songs of heaven.*

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts,  
 Thou infinite I Am,  
 To Thee and to the Lamb  
 Heav'n's bright inhabitants through all its  
 coasts



Their ceaseless voices raise,  
 All honour, glory, praise,  
 Salvation, blessing, might,  
     All wisdom, wealth to Thee,  
 Ascribing in thy Spirit's light,  
     Thrice glorious Deity.

O say, shall we on earth be slow  
 To pay the boundless thanks we owe?  
 Shall man to aught beside assign  
 The pow'r, the honour, only thine?  
 Redemption, righteousness alone  
 Proceed from thy eternal throne.  
 By Thee all things created were  
     Thy pleasure to fulfil,  
 All saints to Thee their life refer,  
     The beings of thy will:  
 In the Lamb's book of life their names  
     Were written, ere the worlds arose,  
 Thine own to be, when deathless flames  
     Shall feed on all thy foes.

A little lapse of years shall bring  
     The day of wrath, the day of bliss,  
 The day of heav'n's incarnate King,  
     When down to hell's abyss,  
 Prepar'd for Satan's suffering,  
     He will the curst dismiss.

Then shall the universal voice  
Of happy spirits louder rise ;  
Then shall they more in Thee rejoice,  
Jehovah only wise

“ Alleluia, for th’ Omnipotent,  
“ The Father, and the Son,  
“ And that mysterious Spirit sent  
“ From both, and with them One,  
“ Is worthy of eternal strains  
“ Beyond our utmost strength to pour :  
“ He takes unto Himself all pow’r, and  
reigns  
“ Triumphant evermore.”



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# INWARD SONGS.

BY

GEORGE PORTER.

Singing and making melody in *your heart* to the Lord. *Eph.* v. 19.

Singing with *grace in your hearts* to the Lord. *Col.* iii. 16.

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PART THE SECOND.

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1823.






## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**CONSTANT** occupations during the last two months have scarcely afforded the Writer time enough to put these unpremeditated verses on paper. If therefore he wished to satisfy critical, or to please poetical, readers, he must have given them many corrections; but his aim being simply to help as many of his fellow Christians, as it shall please God, he adds them to the first Part without delay, believing, that they will be sufficiently understood by those, for whose use they are alone designed, and that no perspicuity or elegance of language can render their meaning intelligible or acceptable to others.

*Queen's College, Oxford,  
March 20, 1823.*





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## INWARD SONGS.

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### I.

#### *Predestination.*

**I**N the beginning, ere the prime  
Of earliest nature and of time,  
While the Creator liv'd alone,  
He from his mind's eternal throne  
All being through all changes saw,  
And fix'd of all the changeless law.  
The earth and heav'ns before Him lay,  
    Describ'd and measur'd in his will,  
More present than with us to-day  
    These bodies, which our spirits fill.

Each breath of summer's fickle breeze,  
Each leaf that quits the forest trees,  
Each flutt'ring stroke of insect wings,  
Each movement of minutest things,  
He order'd by his high decree  
From everlasting so to be.



In all events He nothing finds  
 That is not of his purpose done ;  
 The workings of angelic minds  
 He search'd, before they yet begun.

Whatever prayer on earth is pour'd,  
 Whatever praise the heav'ns afford,  
 The faith of all his sons below,  
 The love of those, that nearer know  
 Himself in heav'n unclouded shine,  
 All are the work of his design.  
 Salvation in the Son of man  
 He fix'd as surely for the blest  
 Before the worlds, as if the plan  
 Were perfected, and they at rest.

## II.

### *The self-sufficiency of God.*

**G**OD, in whom all perfections meet,  
 Triune Jehovah, Thou hadst known  
 Essential happiness complete  
 For ever in Thyself alone,  
 Ere yet one spirit sprung from Thee to raise,  
 His joyful tribute to Thee of appointed praise.

Oh! who can image thy delight?  
 Pure cherubim at most behold  
 The shaded splendours infinite  
 Of that pure light, which from of old  
 Shone equally in the self-living Three,  
 Still absolute at once in full felicity.

Why do we live? For what great end  
 Did his command from nothing call  
 Angelic multitudes to bend  
 Before Him, and this earthly ball  
 People with reas'ning man's inferior race?  
 For what, but to display his everlasting grace?

His glory was the cause supreme  
 Of all the wonders of his will  
 In all his works, and is the theme  
 Of all his happy servants still,  
 Rejoicing in his honour more and more,  
 As nearer by his gift his Being they explore.

### III.

#### *Creation.*

**CREATOR**, sovereign Three,  
 Our open'd eyes survey  
 With glad surprise the mystery  
 Thy lower works display.

These worlds, created thus,  
 Are but the type and shell  
 Of heav'n and earth new made for us,  
 Where righteousness shall dwell.

In all the wond'rous plan,  
 In all the wonders made  
 From matter up to life and man,  
 Redemption shines pourtray'd.

The sages saw not this  
 In ancient Greece so fam'd ;  
 Our modern wise this science miss,  
 Though by thy word proclaim'd.

We thank Thee, Lord, that we  
 See, what these seers see not ;  
 We are but babes, yet, taught by Thee,  
 True learning we have got.

Deliver'd by thy grace  
 From nat'ral wisdom's night,  
 In all above, around, we trace  
 Thy wisdom, love, and might.

The world's and scripture's page  
 Present us ever new  
 Truths, that our utmost powers engage,  
 And lift to heav'n our view.

*That day they died, depriv'd of all  
 The Spirit's life, accurs'd, ejected ;  
 But He, th' Avenger, in their fall  
 Sooth'd them with mercies unexpected.*

*He with the curse his promise made  
 Of better things than Eden speaking ;  
 He their bare limbs and souls array'd  
 In garments not of their own seeking.*

*To Christ, life's tree, their souls He led,  
 Driv'n off from ev'ry ground of merit,  
 To be with fruits of healing fed,  
 And godlike wisdom to inherit.*

## VI.

*The Covenant.*

**BY** covenant we on Jehovah repose,  
 Our own God, who for ever had will'd  
 His wisdom and mercy in us to disclose,  
 And hath now his high purpose fulfill'd.

Our parents, when groaning in sin and in  
 death,

His sure promise of peace first obtain'd :  
 From them it descended unalter'd to Seth,  
 And to Noah again was ordain'd.

To Abraham then, and to all his true seed,  
Larger visions of glory were giv'n,  
And comforted all that were Israel indeed,  
When to Egypt and Babylon driv'n.

To us free from shadows its truth shines  
reveal'd,  
In his covenant Angel and Son ;  
Its promises now are unchangeably seal'd,  
By the blood which from Jesus hath run.

On a covenant God and his covenant grace,  
By the faith which that covenant gives,  
Our souls, settled thus, cannot doubt that  
their place  
Is prepar'd, where Emanuel lives.

While God still is God, and Messiah the same,  
'Tis impossible aught can destroy  
The life of believers, or lessen their claim  
To partake of his infinite joy.

## VII.

*The children of the Covenant.*

**T**HERE still have been secure from hell  
 Some happy souls of men, in whom  
 The living God hath pleas'd to dwell,  
 And shine amid a world of gloom.

He had a few before the flood,  
 In evil days, when all the earth  
 Was fill'd with violence and blood  
 By sinners of gigantic birth.

And when o'erwhelming waters came  
 On millions, that his warnings brav'd,  
 Within the ark's mysterious frame  
 Eight souls his sov'reign mercy sav'd.

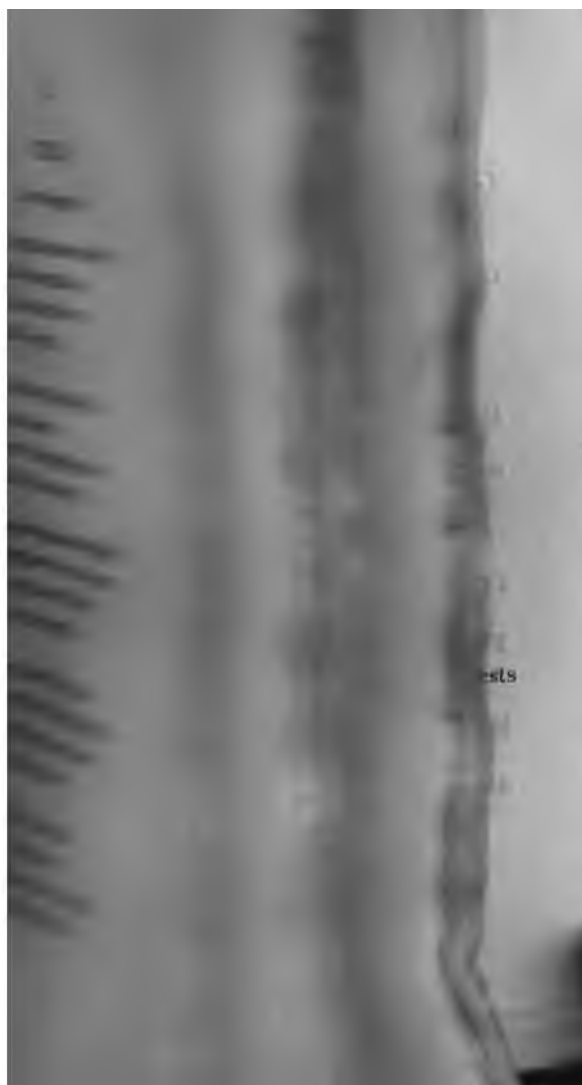
Nor will He e'er in Gospel days,  
 When round his Church black tempests  
 drive,  
 A remnant want to give Him praise,  
 But keep them through the floods alive.

From what is  
the good life?  
The world is not

He graduated in  
Theology and  
His next ministry  
He said that is

2000-2001  
 2001-2002  
 2002-2003  
 2003-2004

This number was  
 One-third of the  
 One-third of the  
 One-third of the





## VIII.

*Noah.*

**G**REAT second Father of the human race,  
 What, when the waves o'er men and nature  
     swept,  
 O what thy thoughts of God's mysterious  
     grace,  
 That thou and thine were from all danger  
     kept?

Did then the consciousness of merit swell  
 Thy self-approving heart, that thou alone,  
 Because thou didst thy fellow men excel,  
     Wert riding safe above the world o'er-  
     thrown?

I think it was not thus; it could not be;  
 Thou to Jehovah then didst wholly give  
 The glory, that o'er judgment's boundless sea  
     He bore thee, here, and evermore to live.

Nor didst thou doubt the promise that He made  
 To save thee to the utmost, and bestow  
 All needful succour, till his wrath was staid:  
 Thou didst endure and think thou should'st  
     do so.

## IX.

*The Bow.*

**THE** bow, that with three various hues  
Its splendid sign we see diffuse  
When clouds half veil the sky,  
Shines in the firmament to yield  
A pledge of peace eternal seal'd,  
And brighter heav'ns on high.

God proof by it to Noah gave,  
Just landed from destruction's wave,  
That earth should not decay,  
Till all the hosts should be complete  
Of his descendants, that should meet  
On earth's last glorious day.

In majesty, above the span  
Of nature's orbs, the Son of man  
Sits on his mercy throne,  
With other splendours round his head  
Than all by light's refulgence shed,  
Or fancy's meteors shewn.

He blazes there to look upon  
Like jasper and the sardine stone,  
Crown'd with the em'rald bow.

Myst'ry is in that sight, above  
 Our ken to trace, but in it love  
 I well and surely know.

Those precious stones, those hues of light,  
 Are mix'd and varied tokens bright  
 Of pow'r and grace divine :  
 I see them not, but heav'n's bright bow  
 Gives to my mortal gaze below  
 An image how they shine.

Faint is that image, yet it seems,  
 Though caus'd by gross and transient beams,  
 A type of purer light,  
 Whose splendours unconceiv'd shall rise  
 On our glad spirits' open'd eyes,  
 From God's unclouded sight.

## X.

*The call of Abraham.*

TO quit all things to nature dear,  
 For Jesus' sake, to most seems strange ;  
 They think the precept too severe  
 To be allow'd without some change.

To keep it far exceeds, they say,  
 All human strength, and they say true ;  
 None can its strict demand obey,  
 Except God's pow'r their wills renew.

Then none dispute. See Abram's lot.  
 With all his goods and gods at ease,  
 Long time he kept his home's fix'd spot,  
 Beneath his patriarchal trees.

God call'd—he rose, and for him left  
 His house, his kin, his native land.  
 Say, was he then of joy bereft ?  
 A loser by that high command ?

He doubted not ; so strong, so sweet,  
 The voice that bade him go away :  
 He fear'd not foes or snares to meet,  
 To perish, or be led astray.

See him in safety pass and peace  
 Through giant tribes and savage tracts :  
 On Canaan's plains his flocks increase,  
 Kings fall by his heroic acts.

He talks with God at noon or night,  
 Descending oft to teach and bless ;  
 Confirming, manifest to sight,  
 Salvation's boundless promises.

He was his shield, his great reward,  
 For all his loss rich recompense,  
 Still present all his life to guard,  
 In death his portion and defence.

Am I of Abraham a son ?  
 As he was so shall I be blest ;  
 Led like him, till in Canaan won,  
 I shall partake his bosom's rest.

# XI.

## *Moriah.*

**W**HEN on Moriah's chosen hill  
 The father of the faithful laid  
 His son, obedient to God's will,  
 To be by fire an offering made,  
 What sooth'd his inward agony,  
 When now he grasp'd the deadly knife ?  
 What could that fortitude supply,  
 Triumphant over nature's strife ?  
 " God will provide," he said and thought ;  
 " The same, who to me freely gave  
 " This child of promise, when unsought,  
 " Can now his life as surely save."

Above his hope the deed was done,  
 The offering made, nor he bereav'd  
 Of that his dear, his blessed son,  
 Now twice by faith through grace receiv'd.

God will provide, ye faithful few,  
 When all your comforts seem to die;  
 Much grace he hath reserv'd for you,  
 Who on his secret love rely.

He hath provided for your need,  
 On that same hill, a precious Lamb;  
 Hath made his victim burn and bleed,  
 Prefigur'd thus to Abraham.

Ris'n from that death to die no more,  
 Your offer'd Saviour long ago  
 Hath burst his bands, and from his store  
 All blessings on you will bestow.

## XII.

### *Election.*

**ELECTION's** truth God clearly taught  
 To her, who felt by pangs within,  
 How her twin sons for mast'ry fought,  
 The child of grace, and child of sin.

Before the one had evil done,  
 The other good, He had decreed  
 His blessing to the younger son,  
 And chose him father of the seed.

The elder grew a wretch profane,  
 Of his own will to evil giv'n,  
 Unwash'd from nature's sinful stain,  
 Unworthy of the joys of heav'n.

But Jacob not alone the sire,  
 Was made of God's elected race;  
 He felt almighty strength inspire  
 His bosom with unfailing grace.

Supported till his latest hour  
 By faith, he pass'd from earth to share  
 The glories of the Living Pow'r,  
 Who made him of that promise heir.

### XIII.

#### *Bethel*

**WHEN** Jacob, shunning Esau, went  
 To seek afar another home,  
 He little knew the high intent  
 Of him, who drove him out to roam.

He little thought when all alone,  
 He nothing but his staff in hand  
 And raiment had to call his own,  
 What great things God had for him plans'd.

Stretch'd under open heav'n to rest,  
 His pillow stones, his bed the ground,  
 When least expecting to be blest,  
 Bright views of grace unsought he found.

God shew'd him then the way prepar'd  
 From earth to heav'n, and largely gave  
 Assurance, that He for him car'd,  
 And would his life both bless and save.

Pilgrims of hope, shall we forget?  
 Shall we distrust our glorious King?  
 We may: but He has never yet  
 Left his own people wandering.

"Yes He is with us," boldly say,  
 "When poor and faint and lone we lie,  
 "Th' Almighty is our help to-day,  
 "And shall be till and when we die."



## XIV.

*The Ladder.*

**BEHOLD** yon azure fields, and say,  
Where lies the bright appointed way  
    To God's abode on high ;  
Elijah through that firmament,  
Rapt in the fiery chariot went,  
    But we on earth must die.

Yet have we now a road as sure,  
Establish'd ever to endure,  
    Till all the faithful rise.  
'Tis Christ, God-man, who join'd in love  
The earth below and heav'ns above,  
    Our passage that supplies.

He was the Ladder Jacob view'd,  
Asleep in Bethel's solitude,  
    By which those angels bright  
Pass on their ministry to bless  
The heirs of heav'nly righteousness,  
    Love's message of delight.

By Him we step o'er step arise,  
Till carried far above the skies,  
    And ever shall ascend ;

But never reach his utmost height,  
 Hid from the loftiest cherub's sight,  
 In glory without end.

## XV.

*Tents.*

**A**WHILE upon the open waste,  
 Where herbage, and where springs were  
 found,  
 Their tents the faithful patriarchs plac'd,  
 Then onward sought another ground.

No tow'ring walls, no cities strong,  
 No houses they, no lands possess'd :  
 Through all their lives they pass'd along,  
 High trav'lers to celestial rest.

And where are now the structures rear'd  
 For kings by toiling millions then ?  
 Proud Nineveh has disappear'd ;  
 Beasts make o'er Babylon their den.

What though those pyramids remain,  
 Which Egypt rais'd in later day,  
 They but attest the labours vain  
 Of the poor sons of crumbling clay.

The mightiest builder cannot boast,  
 That his most firm foundations lie  
 More than some yards in earth at most—  
 Earth, which ere long itself shall fly.

The grov'ling wretch, that to it clings,  
 Soon soon shall fall, and never rise:  
 Souls heav'nward bound disdain, what kings  
 As grandeur's noblest mansions prize.

## XVI.

*The choice of Moses.*

THEY tell of one in Greece, who chose  
 In early manhood virtue's ways:  
 This is a fable, but it shews  
 How far mankind their notions raise.

Virtue is right, if men can reach  
 Its high ascent, but weak and blind  
 Are they who learn, and they who teach  
 That dream, and all to vice inclin'd.

Enlighten'd by the truth of God,  
 In Egypt's superstitious land,  
 One Hebrew duty's pathway trod,  
 And gave up all by his command.

The palace of her mighty kings,  
 Grandeur, and ease, and wealth, and fame,  
 He counted mean and empty things,  
 And rather chose the Saviour's shame.

Faith gave this virtue, more sublime  
 Than poets sing, or sophists draw  
 Faith, which alone in earth and time  
 Creates obedience to God's law.

## XVII.

*Reason for Inward Songs.*

" I WAS the vilest of the vile,  
 " And am by God's grace, what I am,"  
 So said a saint, who loath'd ere while  
 The virtues of the slaughter'd Lamb.

I too say this, I know not who  
 Has been on earth so vile as I;  
 Yet dare I look to Jesus too,  
 And find him healing grace supply,  
 Peace through his sprinkled blood I gain,  
 And with it holiness as well  
 How can I then my lips restrain,  
 And cease, dear Lord, of Thee to tell!

Rude are my efforts, faint my voice,  
 My heart is cold, my head is weak ;  
 'Tis as Thou willest, I rejoice,  
 That I at all thy praise can speak.

## XVIII.

*The Unsearchable.*

**L**ORD, thy mysterious majesty  
 Transcends the search of all thy creatures ;  
 The highest but a part descry  
 Of infinite Perfection's features.

The wonders, which in time and space  
 Their most extended view can measure,  
 Are but the shadows of thy face,  
 And images of thy good pleasure.

Those learn Thee most, who lowest fall  
 Their native littleness confessing,  
 Then in true knowledge above all  
 Uplifted by thy sovereign blessing.

Angels in thy resplendent blaze  
 With joy their awe of Thee avowing,  
 Grow humbler, happier, as they gaze  
 Still higher rais'd, still lower bowing.

## XIX.

*The Guard of the faithful.*

**OUR** Guard Thou art, O God most high ;  
 None else thy faithful people need,  
 Thou through this vale of misery  
 Wilt make us on our journey speed.

From ev'ry foe without, within,  
 Thou wilt both guide us and defend,  
 No terrors, and no love of sin  
 Our spirits shall subdue or bend.

No evils, that around us low'r,  
 No storms that on our spirits beat,  
 Reach our Preserver's hidden pow'r,  
 Or one of all his sons defeat.

## XX.

*The King of the people.*

**KING** of the people scatter'd wide  
 In secret, o'er this lower world,  
 Monarch of Isr'el, we abide  
 Beneath thy ensign still unfurl'd.

Thou art our bright and morning Star,  
 Our Sun through nature's gloom reveal'd;  
 In peace amidst infernal war  
 We sleep behind thy mighty shield.

Guard of our lives, Thou still art near,  
 When lonely and remote we dwell.  
 How can our faithful spirits fear,  
 That Thou wilt yield us up to hell?

As the sun looks on ev'ry place,  
 As searching winds all nature sweep,  
 So nought is hidden from the face  
 Of Him, who reigns our souls to keep.

His piercing eyes look through and through  
 The deepest plots of all our foes;  
 His kingly wisdom checks them now,  
 When they can see no pow'r oppose.

Can they behold his pomp divine,  
 When with his crown of glory on,  
 He o'er yon flaming sun shall shine,  
 Till this created scene be gone?

Yes, they shall see Him, but the joy,  
 The glory shall be ours alone,  
 When He shall all beside destroy,  
 To mount and share his beaming throne.

## XXI.

*God glorified in his saints.*

**G**OD for the glory of his grace  
Hath chosen all his seed  
To see in his chief dwelling place,  
That He is God indeed.

He for Himself their souls has bought,  
His only Son the price,  
To check the proud presumptuous thought,  
That ought could else suffice.

He keeps them safe from ev'ry foe,  
Yet lets them suffer ill,  
His mercy but the more to shew,  
His pow'r triumphant still.

He will himself to magnify  
All blessings to them give,  
Since nought can be for those too high,  
Who for his honour live.



## XXII.

*God's household.*

**GOD'S** household is obscure on earth,  
 Its members seem of little worth  
     To men's and their own view ;  
 A scatter'd brotherhood scarce known,  
 And some are travelling alone,  
     And all are but a few.

Yet by his grace they shine within,  
 Like stars amid the night of sin,  
     To Him a glorious sight.  
 His eyes upon them ever turn,  
 He sees his Spirit in them burn,  
     And makes them his delight.

He feeds the never dying flame  
 Of faith within their feeble frame,  
     That through terrestrial years  
 Lights them to that eternal rest,  
 Where they shall fill the number blest,  
     Of glory's bright compeers.

'Tis thus the secret pow'r of grace  
 Triumphant over time and space  
     Now works, and shall be shewn,

When the world's glories flee from sight,  
 And all are wrapt in endless night,  
 But God and his alone.

## XXIII.

*Who are the sons of God.*

AS many as God's Spirit leads,  
 Of God the sons they are,  
 They come to Him, and that exceeds  
 All other leading far.

They fear not then his holiness,  
 But in his goodness trust,  
 When He chastises them they bless,  
 And own him good and just.

This the first man with wisdom's way  
 Before him plac'd, did not.  
 From happiness soon led astray,  
 The Father he forgot.

Some say, that Adam's race, though frail,  
 Much virtue has within.  
 Yet were it so, could that avail  
 To compensate for sin?

Can frailty merit heav'n, or guide  
 On duty's narrow track ?  
 Hold us from slipping oft aside ?  
 And keep from falling back ?

Can partial virtue make indeed  
 Sons of the Lord most high ?  
 Or his obedient spirit lead  
 To follow, where we cry ?

Shall erring man contrive or say,  
 How God shall serve his choice ?  
 Does boundless wisdom own his sway,  
 And heed his lordly voice ?

The Spirit leads, the children go,  
 Led by Him safely, till  
 By ways they else could never know  
 They reach the heav'nly hill.

#### XXIV.

*Access with boldness.*

SON of the Father, in thy name,  
 Jesus, our Prince divine,  
 We at thy bidding gladly claim  
 The good things that are thine.

In Thee our steady suit we press,  
 Thy purchas'd gifts intreat,  
 Array'd in thy own righteousness,  
 We seek thy mercy seat.

We do not dread, lest at thy gates  
 We e'er should sue in vain;  
 Sure that no soul unheeded waits  
 On Thee, thy grace to gain.

Thou for thy members soon wilt make  
 Heav'n's portal open wide;  
 Though poor and vile, yet for thy sake  
 We cannot be denied.

Through ranks of shining spirits blest  
 To whom earth's lords are nought,  
 In thy white robes of mercy drest  
 We shall to God be brought.

O how shall sinners in thy day,  
 Behold Thee whom they mock'd!  
 They falsely would, but cannot say  
 They too for entrance knock'd.

They through the eternal doors amaz'd,  
 To wound them more, shall see  
 Those, whom they scorn'd, to glory rais'd,  
 And sufferers reign with Thee.

## XXV.

*The two Temples.*

**E**TERNITY's Inhabiter,  
 Thron'd in the height all heights excelling,  
 Of all beside Thou dost prefer  
 One other secret holy dwelling.

'Tis not yon sun, or azure sky,  
 The hills of earth, th' expanse of ocean ;  
 That temple human souls supply,  
 When humbled down to true devotion.

It matters not to Thee, or them,  
 What is their outward state or seeming,  
 Who highly prize them, who condemn,  
 While in them Thou art gladly beaming.

## XXVI.

*The enmity of the carnal mind.*

**A**LL that the carnal mind beholds  
 Of God, its deep aversion moves ;  
 The more his image He unfolds,  
 The more its native rage it proves.

His faint reflection in the least  
And poorest of his saints it scorns ;  
But gnashes, like an angry beast,  
At those whom most his grace adorns.

No friendship, no endearing tie  
Of blood, or natural delight,  
Repress man's inbred enmity,  
When heav'nly love and faith shine bright.

Hence Joseph's brethren made his foes,  
First doom'd him in the pit to die,  
Till their more tender mercies chose  
Ishmael's and Egypt's slavery.

Hence Jesus, Thee, God's holy child,  
The joy of his paternal mind,  
Proud Israel murder'd and revil'd,  
As the worst felon of mankind.

And had I with them liv'd that day,  
Unchang'd in spirit, I had been,  
O my dear Saviour, fierce as they,  
An actor in that horrid scene.

## XXVII.

*The hardness of the carnal mind.*

**N**O terrors change the carnal heart :  
Should hell itself appear,  
Rebellious men would not depart  
From sin with godly fear.

No, not should all the curst ascend  
On promise to obey,  
Could one his inbred state amend,  
Or wash a stain away.

They would themselves more deeply damn,  
Unable to do good.  
Who doubts it? Let him look at Ham,  
Just rescu'd from the flood.

## XXVIII.

*The Self-tormentor.*

**S**ATAN delights, (but sad the joy,)  
He plots (but curs'd his skill)  
To hurt Christ's flock, and to destroy  
The captives of his will.

In drawing wretched men to share  
 His ever-burning tomb,  
 He knows that all his ceaseless care  
 But aggravates his doom.

The faithful by his wounds he drives,  
 To God new health to gain;  
 Their strength increasing, as he strives,  
 They find his malice vain.

Yet must he work, and kill, and wound,  
 Till judgment's final hour,  
 Then in the chains of darkness bound,  
 For ever hate his pow'r.

O fatal pow'r! his torments tear  
 Himself, his pride is shame,  
 His triumphs teem with black despair,  
 His victims feed his flame.

## XXIX.

*A view of sin and grace.*

**T**HE world with wickedness is all o'erspread;  
 Where'er men come, sin soon its fury  
 shews;  
 Laws feebly curb its strong rebellious head;  
 And sacred truths its fierce career oppose.



But what is this to nature's storms beneath,  
 Pent in the caverns of the gloomy heart,  
 Where Lust and Anger their hot poisons  
     breathe,  
 And lurking horrors people every part ?

Repentant sinners know but half their sin ;  
 When deepest guided by the Spirit's light,  
 Not far below the serpent's glitt'ring skin  
     They look, yet shudder at the hideous sight.

How wond'rous then that Fount, whose secret  
     streams  
     Dropp'd on the heart corruption's mass  
     destroy ;  
 How strong that Sun, whose mild progressive  
     beams  
     Diffuse, where demons revell'd, holy joy.

### XXX.

*The crackling of thorns.*

**PROUD** sinners often mock, we know,  
 What we with rev'rence say  
 Of Thee, Lord Jesus—we did so,  
 We laugh'd, as well as they.

The scoffing jeer, the taunting jest,  
 That now assail us, we  
 In our past days of mirth unblest,  
 Aim'd at thy flock and Thee.

We find it better now to weep  
 Over our sins in soul :  
 True joys we find in sorrows deep,  
 Beneath the world's controul.

No eye of man can ever read  
 The follies we see there ;  
 And those, that think us vile indeed,  
 Know not how vile we were.

He that himself can truly read,  
 Will say, like holy Paul,  
 " I, that all men in guilt exceed,  
 " Find mercy more than all."

## XXXI.

*The Light of Love.*

**THY** light, O Lord, thy living light  
 The shining of thy love bestow ;  
 Without it all seems black as night,  
 No joy, no comfort else I know.

It is not gone, it is not hid,  
 I catch its glories through the storm ;  
 They beam again, as erst they did,  
 Oh more, yes more they shine and warm.

Thou wast not clouded, Lord—I grew  
 Confus'd and dull in trial's day,  
 And turn'd too low my wav'ring view,  
 Yet lost not then salvation's ray.

Another pledge I hence receive,  
 That needful grace shall still be mine,  
 That nothing shall my soul bereave  
 Of living light, of love divine.

## XXXII.

*Objections to Light answered.*

“**WHAT!** are we blind?” vain Pharisees  
 Ask'd Christ, with haughty sneer:  
 No light, but gloomiest mysteries  
 They saw in him appear.

“What! are we blind?” the world yet cries,  
 “When we extol his light;  
 “Are others fools, yourselves the wise,  
 “Possess'd of stronger sight?”

But say, ye proud, is Christ the true,  
 The only Light of men ?  
 How comes it, tell us, that so few  
 Believe and prize Him then ?

All who that Sun of life adore,  
 And know Him theirs to be,  
 Confess that they were blind before  
 His Spirit made them see.

Some of his glory they descry  
 Not much—enough to shew  
 That all is fatal mockery,  
 Which men admire below ;—

Enough to make them evil hate,  
 And from self-trusting cease ;—  
 Enough their souls to elevate  
 With love, and joy, and peace.

### XXXIII.

#### *The chastisement of Love.*

**H**E, that hath felt the Spirit's rod  
 Fall heavy on his soul for sin ;  
 He, that hath seen the living God,  
 Reveal'd in flaming wrath within :

He, that long time the mighty strife  
 Of good and evil hath endur'd;  
 Hath struggled between death and life,  
 And found at last his peace secur'd :

He, that faith's fiery trial knows,  
 Hot heart-work to the world unknown,  
 And through it gains more deep repose  
 By being stay'd on Christ alone :

He, that in heav'n hath fix'd his rest,  
 And holds with heav'n communion here,  
 By God still dwelling in his breast :  
 What can he want? What need he fear?

#### XXXIV.

##### *The Exchange.*

**THIS** is the title of our bliss,  
 "That Christ is ours, and we are his."  
 O blest exchange, ill understood !  
 In this our sure redemption lies,  
 And from it endless blessings rise,  
 All fulness of all real good.

All our offences on him laid  
 He freely bore, and fully paid  
     The debt of justice when he died;  
 All our obedience by God's will  
 Requir'd, He liv'd but to fulfil,  
     And glory for us thence provide.

All sin within his people wrought,  
 Each guilty deed, and word, and thought,  
     He on himself imputed took;  
 For us, from infancy and youth,  
 His Purity, his love, and truth,  
     Are written in Jehovah's book.

They that know this are blest indeed,  
 Perceiving that they nothing need  
     But what their Saviour has prepar'd:  
 This is their remedy for cares,  
 Hell cannot claim them, heav'n is theirs,  
     With Jesus shortly to be shar'd.

## XXXV.

*One of my Prayers.*

**G**OD of my health, my strength, my joy,  
O hear my cry, O guide my way ;  
O ev'ry sin in me destroy,  
And lift me up to praise and pray.

Knit me to Thee more closely still,  
That I may find supreme delight  
In the good pleasure of thy will,  
And keep thy presence full in sight.

A deeper and a constant sense  
Of Thee, my holy God, I crave ;  
A strong abiding evidence  
That Thou dost surely wisely save.

I cast myself into thy arms,  
I cling to thy paternal breast,  
I trace afresh thy matchless charms,  
And care not since of Thee possess.

## XXXVI.

*Another of my Prayers.*

**IT** is my prayer both day and night  
 To Thee, O God, to live and die ;  
 My earliest thought at dawning light,  
 My last ere sleep o'erspread my eye.

Though all beside be dark and wrong,  
 In Thee is all-sufficient joy :  
 Yes, I have seen and felt it long,  
 The world can't give it or destroy.

It is enough for me, O Lord,  
 I ask no more on this side death,  
 Thou wilt this knowledge still afford,  
 To cheer me till my latest breath.

## XXXVII.

*The Christian spirit towards sinners.*

**SAVIOUR** of men, who, mov'd with grief,  
 Didst weep o'er lost Jerusalem,  
 And in thy groans for last relief,  
 When murd'ers mock'd, didst pray for  
 them.



O touch'd with human sorrow, Lord,  
 Say are my tears for sinners sin ?  
 Not such thy spirit and thy word,  
 To hate, who to our flesh are kin.

“ Love, love your enemies, yea bless  
 “ E'en those that curse, and for them pray,  
 “ When hot with rancorous bitterness  
 “ They strive to take your lives away.”

This is perfection, this is love,  
 Which thou didst in the body shew :  
 O for fresh influence from above,  
 That I like Thee in love may grow.

### XXXVIII.

#### *The Living Sacrifice.*

**H**E that the depth of God's rich mercy learns,  
 Becomes to God a living sacrifice ;  
 With lively reasonable love he burns,  
 And for much grace to sanctify him sighs.

True fire from heav'n, with secret influences,  
 Lights on his heart, consuming nature's  
 dross ;

The Holy Ghost baptizing him for bliss  
 Makes the flesh in him suffer daily loss.

Refin'd by that celestial flame, he grows  
 Fit to endure earth's trials, and to rise  
 When the thrice Holy shall himself disclose,  
 An offering worthy to meet his pure eyes.

### XXXIX.

*Indwelling sin.*

SIN by thy will, O Lord, remains  
 In thy chief saints below ;  
 Hearts, where thy Son supremely reigns,  
 Their native poison shew.

Much evil I in others see,  
 And much at home detect ;  
 And they perhaps find more in me,  
 And less their own suspect.

O may I this remember right,  
 Till, plac'd before thy throne,  
 I see in all that meets my sight  
 Thy holiness alone.

## XL.

*The two Masters.*

**FULL** many a weary mile  
Has Satan on his errands led me,  
And with his food deceitful fed me,  
Husks empty, harsh, and vile.

Easy I was to cheat ;  
Like simple birds ensnar'd unknowing,  
Or the dull ox for slaughter growing  
To be his master's meat.

My secret chains what broke ?  
O my Redeemer, thy good Spirit,  
That brought me purchas'd by thy merit,  
To bear thy easy yoke.

Worthy to serve art Thou :  
True freedom is thy wages,  
And thy rich love assuages  
My heaviest labours now.

Thy gifts all toil o'erpay ;  
A moment's pain works pleasure  
Eternal, above measure,  
For those who Thee obey.

## XLI.

**MYSTERIOUS** is thy Church, O Lord  
most High ;

Small is that earthly temple, yet how few  
Of those within it form the family  
That love Thee and desire thy face to view.

So was it ever. Ham with Noah see,  
A wretch profane, and Judas with the Lord.  
Then what if hypocrites should with us be,  
And join our worship as with one accord.

It matters not ; the pure they cannot taint,  
Nor turn aside the faithful, but shall yield  
To God much glory, when to ev'ry saint  
The wonders of his ways shall be reveal'd.

## XLII.

*The Inward Rod.*

**NONE** are, none can be, sons of God,  
His true regen'rate seed,  
Except they feel that inward rod  
Which once made Jesus bleed.

Form'd by his Spirit to sustain  
 Much trial for his praise,  
 At their first breath they suffer pain,  
 And mourn through all their days.

'Tis thus they taste his love on earth,  
 Vouchsaf'd their hearts to heal,  
 And gain fresh wil'ness of their birth  
 By ev'ry wound they feel.

## XLIII.

*Shallow Brooks.*

**A**S shallow brooks o'er beds of stone  
 With babbling current flow,  
 And make by many a murmur known  
 How hard their track below.

So oft while hypocrites proclaim  
 Their sufferings and their cares,  
 And seek of mourning souls the name,  
 Their noise the truth declares.

Hard is the heart, when clear the throat  
 To pour out grief's vain boast;  
 Its echoes emptiness denote,  
 Skin deep its wounds at most.

Thy searching eyes the false and true,  
 Great God, alike inspect;  
 Deep sorrow Thou through smiles canst view,  
 And pride in tears detect.

Thou visitest with chief delight  
 Those that in secret weep—  
 Hearts bleeding, broken, wrapt from sight,  
 In their own troubles deep.

## XLIV.

*Communion in solitude.*

**MUCH** grace God now to those imparts,  
 And soon much glory will,  
 Who hold with Him and their own hearts  
 Much converse, and are still.

In solitude the carnal mind  
 For this world's pleasure sighs,  
 From crowds the faithful unconfin'd  
 To God oft musing rise.

They have a little heav'n within,  
 An earnest of the true,  
 Whence they derive their origin,  
 And which they long to view.

Above this world's black atmosphere  
 Their conscious spirits spring,  
 And see the light of heav'n appear  
 In Christ, of heav'n the King.

## XLV.

*Rest.*

· **NO** more, great Father, with tumultuous  
     fears,  
 And busy schemes for body and for soul,  
 I look around me, as in younger years  
     Of my belief, but seeing Thee the whole  
 Of my provision and defence, I roll  
     Myself upon Thee, sure that Thou dost care  
 For all thy sons, and all their foes controul,  
     And that Thou wilt my purchas'd spirit bear  
 Through darkest seasons home thy treasur'd  
     joys to share.

## XLVI.

*True Knowledge.*

**SOME** learn a thousand things on earth,  
 Which I know not, nor care to know.  
 How can a son of heav'nly birth  
 Gaze much on this world's passing shew ?

Eternal wisdom in his heart  
 Affords him visions ever new  
 Of that high glory, which in part  
 John the Divine in spirit knew.

To know myself, great God, and Thee,  
 The one true God in Christ my own,  
 Let this my constant study be,  
 My wisdom, my delight alone.

## XLVII.

*The Studies of a Saint.*

**MY** own regen'rate heart to read  
 I seek, and none beside ;  
 Who are, who are not, God's true seed,  
 Let God himself decide.



"Follow thou me," the Saviour cries :  
 Thanks, Lord, for that high call ;  
 Fix on thy grace my wond'ring eyes,  
 Until I learn it all.

King of my heart, if thou display  
 Thy charms, all other things  
 Fade like the stars, when dawning day  
 Its cheerful lustre brings.

#### XLVIII.

*Wisdom from above.*

**MINE** be the wisdom from above,  
 So shall I safe and happy live,  
 Still growing in the Father's love,  
 Till He heav'n's perfect knowledge give.

Pure is this wisdom—it refines  
 The soul from deep corruption's stains,  
 Discov'ring, how Jehovah shines,  
 Where thron'd in holiness he reigns.

And still to gentle peace inclin'd,  
 If possible, it makes us keep  
 Much quietness with all mankind,  
 And for their follies often weep.

Of mercy full, and all good fruits,  
 Impartial, silent, humble, meek,  
 It well the heav'nward pilgrim suits,  
 Fit badge of those who Zion seek.

No cloak of base hypocrisy  
 It needs, from human eyes to screen  
 Its genuine work ; and if none see,  
 Is not less happy than if seen.

# XLIX.

## *The House of Wisdom.*

WISDOM upon seven pillars strong  
 Her palace hath built up ;  
 Her beasts are slain, red wine has long  
 Been mingled in her cup.

She sends her servants out to tell  
 Of tables richly spread  
 For such as in affliction dwell  
 Athirst, and wanting bread.

The wondrous message millions spurn,  
 Each following his way ;  
 Some weary from their wand'ring turn  
 Despis'd, but happy they.

Them with her household straight she makes  
 Partakers evermore ;  
 Her feast, her house are for their sakes,  
 For them her secret store.

Thou art this Wisdom, Word divine,  
 Thine is the house, the feast ;  
 Thy sacred blood the mingled wine,  
 Thyself the slaughter'd beast.

The pillars are thy strength, and those,  
 Who follow at that call,  
 On thy sufficiency repose,  
 Their boundless all in all.

### L.

#### *The situation of Wisdom's House.*

**D**OWN in a deep and narrow vale  
 The House of Wisdom stands,  
 Where springs of water never fail  
 In green and fruitful lands.

But rocks and deserts all around  
 Encircle her abode ;  
 Few seek that low and lonely ground,  
 So far from life's high road.

Rich entertainment, without cost,  
 Her servants promise there ;  
 But false or foolish deem'd by most,  
 Much laughter move, slight care.

Some hear the tidings with delight,  
 And to her borders climb  
 With swelling fancies, gay and light,  
 Of happiness sublime.

But rough and strait the pathway lies,  
 O'er precipices steep ;  
 Hell glares beneath upon their eyes,  
 With billows red and deep.

'They falter there ; some as they gaze  
 Despairing drop below ;  
 Some to their old familiar ways  
 With haste disdainful go ;

Some at the entrance sit and mourn ;  
 Some with proud shame explore  
 Smooth circling tracks, through many a turn  
 Beguil'd, till life is o'er.

Of all that seek who enter then ?  
 Souls bent to pass or die ;  
 Wayworn and heavy-laden men,  
 Too feeble back to fly.

With strength renew'd in her rich halls  
 They gladly serve her will,  
 Till each in her good time she calls  
 To pass another hill.

Another hill to pass, and dwell  
 In bright celestial fields,  
 Where her true house invisible  
 Divine abundance yields.

# LI.

## *Gardens.*

**O** YE groves of perfect beauty,  
 By the Lord in Eden plac'd,  
 Glad abodes of loyal duty,  
 That were made by sin a waste :  
 When your tenants rov'd ejected  
 O'er the world's untrodden wild,  
 They that spot of rest selected,  
 Which like your sweet garden smil'd.

And, when safe from seas unbounded,  
 Noah trod this earth we see,  
 There his dwelling place he founded,  
 Where in pure tranquillity,

In his happy rural borders  
He could peace with God maintain,  
Free from rising guilt's disorders  
In the rescu'd world again.

So, when Jesus all excelling,  
That a human form e'er wore,  
Made on earth His humble dwelling,  
That He might our souls restore,  
In a garden deep and lonely  
Watching, praying till the last,  
With his chosen servants only  
He his night of trial past.

In a garden unmolested  
I delight his joys to taste,  
And by foes and crowds infested  
Thither would retire in haste,  
To prepare by contemplation  
Prayer, and converse with the Lord,  
To encounter the vexation  
Which terrestrial toils afford.

## LII.

*Language.*

**EARTH's** tongues are far too faint  
To sound the inward song,  
Which God awakens in the saint,  
When grace flows full and strong.

Deep reas'nings of the head  
Clear words may well impart ;  
Yet all the liveliest are too dead  
For utt'rance of the heart.

But God delights in speech  
Without expression pour'd,  
And straightway lowest breathings reach  
Our omnipresent Lord.

Soon shall we to Him tell  
Of better things on high,  
With voices rais'd, and tun'd to swell  
The music of the sky.

## LIII.

*Hunger and Thirst.*

**T**HE children of God's Spirit born  
Cry at their birth for heav'nly food,  
Which wretched sinners proudly scorn,  
The living Saviour's flesh and blood.

Nor does that holy longing cease,  
More eager growing from the first;  
And still as heav'nly joys increase,  
More hunger rises, and more thirst.

Largely, good Lord, through all my breast  
O spread that blessed appetite,  
Till I become thy heav'nly guest,  
Fill'd with all fulness of delight.

## LIV.

*Children of a hundred years.*

**V**AIN mortals ask great length of days,  
Yet what if their extent  
Exceeded far Methuselah's,  
But few would be content.



To pass like Enoch in their prime  
To life with God on high,  
Seems so much loss of happy time  
Cut off beneath the sky.

O God, to Thee a thousand years  
And one day equal seem ;  
To sinful man time long appears,  
Like ages in a dream.

Thy sons ask not a century  
To make them strong and wise ;  
Short days for glad eternity  
To fit them may suffice.

Children new born, if Thou decree,  
In graces soon grow old,  
As oft luxuriant plants we see  
Leaves, flow'rs, seed, fast unfold.

A hundred years though sinners pray,  
And vain professors strive,  
They still like stunted shrubs decay,  
Which with no culture thrive.

## LV.

*To the broken-hearted.*

**POOR** sinner, rous'd to see in part  
The living God, and thy own heart  
Alike till now unknown,  
Thou criest, "Oh! can I, so base,  
" Can *I* the pure Jehovah face  
" Upon his judgment throne?"

No more thy dearest pleasures plea-e,  
Lost is thy confidence and ease,  
And secret self-esteem;  
Thy very comforts have their stings,  
The morning light new sorrow brings,  
And night some horrid dream.

The Law thy mighty guilt reveals,  
The Gospel too thy sentence seals,  
And all thy inmost soul  
With sleepless conscience boding hell,  
Hears in each wretched sinner's knell  
Its own damnation toll.

Fear not, 'tis Mercy's dawning bright,  
That thus discovers to thy sight  
How black thy soul has been;

Soon shall the glorious light of grace  
 With healing wings these shadows chase,  
 And heav'n shine forth between.

For such as thee the Son of God  
 Himself this gloomy valley trod,  
 Pierc'd through and through with pains ;  
 For such as thee He died, He rose,  
 Receiv'd all gifts, subdued all foes,  
 And o'er all creatures reigns.

## LVI.

*To a soul seeking for life.*

NO more to heav'n by duty  
 Seek, weary soul, to rise ;  
 Behold, behold the beauty  
 Of Christ thy sacrifice !

In Him is full redemption,  
 He all thy work hath done,  
 And borne without exemption  
 Thy sorrows every one.

God gives thee sharp repentance  
 To make thee Christ receive,  
 But has no wrathful sentence  
 For souls that once believe.

Thou shalt, on Jesus living  
 By faith from day to day,  
 Behold Him ever giving  
 What thou canst never pay.

Thou then shalt trust Him wholly  
 For all that thou canst need,  
 And trusting grow more holy,  
 And find Him life indeed.

## LVII.

*To a soul in legal bondage.*

**S**PEAK out, poor soul, thy doubts and fears  
 That keep thee now from Christ away ;  
 Oh ! how, since He so good appears,  
 Canst thou in sorrow pining stay ?

I know whence thy distresses flow ;  
 Thou to Him in thy righteousness  
 Hast gone, or seekest now to go,  
 And such He will not, cannot bless.

To God thou never canst draw nigh  
 By any way, but Him alone ;  
 Unless thy soul unto Him cry,  
 Thy prayers the Father will not own.

Cloth'd in his righteousness divine,  
 And pleading his prevailing name,  
 Thou must to God most lovely shine,  
 And may'st eternal glory claim.

Claim it in Him without distrust ;  
 The Father will not, cannot close  
 Heav'n's gates against thee. He is just.  
 How can He then Christ's right oppose ?

It is not Christ's alone, but theirs,  
 Whoe'er with faith its pow'r employ ;  
 His grace the least believer shares,  
 Sufficient for his certain joy.

### LVIII.

*To a soul longing for grace.*

**SOUL**, believe me, Christ is pleasant,  
 Gracious, glorious, fit for thee ;  
 He, th' Almighty, Omnipresent,  
 Everlasting Lord, will be  
 Thy deliv'rer, thy defender :  
 For thy safety and thy blessing  
 He is reigning, and will render  
 Thee his fellow-heir, possessing

All that He triumphant bought.  
 O sublime life-giving thought !  
 Sov'reign cure for ev'ry woe !  
 Happy they, who these things know.

"Happy they," I hear thee saying,  
 "Happy they, but I am vile.  
 "Can the Lord, my sins surveying,  
 "On a wretch so horrid smile ?  
 Yes, my brother, he is willing,  
 And I see thy longing heart ;  
 He is now his work fulfilling,  
 He is making doubt depart :  
 Now thou tastest love divine,  
 Now thou canst thyself resign,  
 Thou art grafted in the Vine,  
 And perceivest heav'n is thine.

## LIX.

*To a believer in his first joy.*

I REJOICE in thy joy, O brother, set free  
 From the bondage in which thou wast born,  
 The angels in heav'n are exulting o'er thee  
 Upon this thy true liberty's morn.

Rejoice in thy joy, and indulge thy delight,  
 For vast is the difference between  
 Satan's slaves, and the least of the children  
 of light  
 Even here, in this world's passing scene.

Rejoice, for thou viewest the dawn of the day  
 Of eternity's infinite King,  
 In which after time thou shalt live and survey  
 Higher glories than seraphs yet sing.

Rejoice, for thou needest this sweetness to taste  
 For thy comfort on life's narrow road,  
 When fiends are let loose from the world's  
 bord'ring waste,  
 And the tempests of hell are abroad.

# LX.

*To a believer in his first troubles.*

**O** WHITHER is the shining  
 Of grace and glory past?  
 Again the soul is pining  
 Beneath affliction's blast.

Hell's tempests fiercely driving  
 Come thicker than before ;  
 The sweetness so reviving  
 Of mercy's morn is o'er.

Did then imagination  
 Such cheering light supply ?  
 And yield that fair creation  
 As soon as shewn to fly ?

No, it from God descended,  
 By Truth's pure beam display'd ;  
 Nor is He now offended,  
 Though thou art wrapt in shade.

Thick is the storm and furious,  
 Yet heavier far have swept  
 His Church, nor prov'd injurious  
 To one, that He has kept.

'Tis by his will directed  
 His secret pow'r to prove  
 In all the souls elected  
 By his eternal love.

Be of good cheer, my brother,  
 The flame of grace still burns,  
 And nought its sparks shall smother  
 Till Glory's Sun returns.



He is not gone, but clearer  
 Shall beam upon thee soon,  
 And bring thee gladly nearer  
 To Heav'n's unchanging noon.

## LXI.

*Sunshine after storms.*

**PURE** beam of Love Eternal,  
 Well known and welcome thou  
 Through threat'ning storms infernal  
 Descendest on me now.  
 Full often have I prov'd  
 Thy pow'r to cleanse my soul,  
 And seen gross sins remov'd,  
 Like clouds before thee roll.

Best after gloomiest seasons  
 Enlighten'd I perceive  
 The wise mysterious reasons,  
 Why God his sons should grieve ;  
 More tried and toss'd, I see  
 More riches in his grace,  
 More strength in his decree,  
 More beauty in his face.

His secret pow'r prevailing,  
 When all things adverse seem,  
 His faithfulness unfailing,  
 His loves abundant stream,  
 That never stops, but flows  
 In trials more and more,  
 These wonders now He shews  
 Still clearer than before.

## LXII.

*To a believer amongst worldly men.*

**RAIS'D** from the deep and deadly night  
 Of sin with all its dreams,  
 The soul enamour'd hails the sight  
 Disclos'd by Mercy's beams.

But chief its eyes admiring turn  
 To Christ till then unknown ;  
 And as its love's first fervour burns,  
 It hastes his truth to own.

But oh ! with what sincere surprise  
 It finds, that men disdain  
 These glories open'd on its eyes,  
 And call them wholly vain.

Wrath then (a holy zeal misdeem'd  
 For sacred truth) it feels,  
 Forgetting that itself esteem'd  
 Mere tales, what God reveals.

But soon in his good time it learns,  
 That man by nature blind,  
 By grace alone those charms discerns,  
 Which saints so wond'rous find.

Then what if worldly men around  
 Rage, laugh, or little care,  
 They cannot injure truth, or wound  
 The heart of Glory's heir.

In silent prayer, my friend, uprais'd  
 To God their follies view,  
 And let his sov'reign grace be prais'd,  
 That shews itself to you.

### LXIII.

*To a believer amongst profess'd believers.*

**GOD'S** people much experienc'd in his ways  
 To fair professions give but little heed,  
 But silently his secret mercy praise,  
 When they behold a heart once broken bleed.

Much charity for all who seem to seek  
Salvation by the Son of man they feel,  
And most for those, who scarce their sorrows  
speak,  
And scarce dare hope to see Him peace  
reveal.

But having learnt themselves through many  
days  
And many trials his consoling grace,  
They shun the clam'rous crowd, that proudly  
raise  
Their claim to saintship, running not its  
race.

Those they admire, and to their bosoms take,  
Whose hearts within them burn with holy  
fire,  
When they their talk of Faith's communion  
make,  
Hope's heav'nward flight, and Love's divine  
desire.

## LXIV.

*Joy full of glory.*

**O** FOR the hour, when just men perfect  
made

Shall to each other say, " Behold our King !

" Lo this is He, who once our ransom paid,

" He comes, He comes, our happiness to  
bring.

" Our souls with joy, that could not be  
express'd,

" Of glory full, in earthly bodies swell'd,

" When but a little of his charms at best

" Reflected dimly they by faith beheld.

" But now enlarg'd, enlighten'd, rais'd,  
brought nigh,

" Freed from our native sin's last conscious  
fear,

" We see Him as He is, our God most high,

" For us his people arm'd with pow'r  
appear.

" The tears of Zion's sons he wipes away,

" And clothes in beauty those that burnt  
and bled.

“ See how his foes cow’r down with black  
dismay!

“ See Death in vict’ry swallow’d up hath  
fled!

“ So shall we die no more, nor they repose  
“ In endless sleep deliver’d from their doom:  
“ For them Gehenna’s flame for ever glows,  
“ For us the flow’rs of life unfading bloom:

“ We by his beams transform’d already shine,  
“ And glories upon glories round us rise  
“ Star over star, but He, our Sun divine,  
“ The light of all surpasses and supplies.

“ Behold Him, ye that scorn’d us, this is He,  
“ Our Hope at length appearing. Where  
are yours?

“ The Idols whom ye chose your gods to be,  
“ Some were but nothing, some yon flame  
devours.

“ Behold Him, happy friends; the living doors  
“ Of glory at his presence open fly;  
“ And now from all his radiant throne he  
pours

“ The boundless light of life, that cannot  
die.”

Souls of the faithful, loftier far than this  
 Shall be our prelude to that sacred song,  
 Which in our heav'nly home of perfect bliss  
 We to our God unwearied shall prolong.

Yet, yet a little while, and not a voice  
 Of all his servants shall a moment fail,  
 But earth's last mourners perfectly rejoice,  
 And wonders upon wonders rising hail.

## LXV.

*To the Trinity.*

**G**ODHEAD of Love, thy endless glories  
 claim  
 From me another yet, and yet another song—  
 From me a rebel long  
 Against thy holy name,  
 Who justly must have ever lain,  
 But for thy grace, where scorers vain  
 Driv'n to Hell's lowest deep unpitied lie,  
 In blasted pride's immortal agony.

**F**ATHER, Thou didst adopt me to fulfil  
 The counsel of thy own eternal will :

The child I am of thy good pleasure,  
 And live on earth to shew  
 The riches of thy mercy's treasure  
 To ransom'd men below,  
 Soon in the Heav'n of Heav'ns above  
 To shine a monument of love,  
 One of the many, who around thy throne  
 To wond'ring angels make thy wisdom known,  
 And prove that pow'r belongs to Thee their  
 God alone.

How can I be by Thee forsaken,  
 Since by thy purpose I was taken  
 Asleep from sins abyss,  
 And wak'd to hopes of bliss?  
 Thou canst not change, nor let a passing spot  
 Of fickleness thy truth's pure splendours blot.  
 Eternal SON, Thou Word Divine,  
 By whom alone that high design  
 Of sov'reign grace is shewn;  
 Who in our flesh a seed hast bought,  
 Thyself the price, and for them wrought  
 A right to glory's throne;  
 King of righteousness and peace,  
 Whose compassion cannot cease,  
 Gladly seeing souls draw nigh,  
 That for all thy fulness cry,



Wilt Thou ever me forget,  
 Who to Thee confiding look,  
 That Thou hast my mighty debt  
 Blotted from the judgment book?  
 Me, who access to the Father  
 Seek but in thy chosen name,  
 Thy reproach esteeming rather  
 Than all worldly wealth and fame?  
 Thou, my Saviour, high and tender,  
 Surely wilt be my defender;  
 Thou wilt aid my self-denial;  
 Thou in faith's most fiery trial,  
 To sustain me wilt discover  
 More how much Thou art my lover:  
 Never shall the least disunion  
 Those sweet springs of life destroy,  
 Which in deep unseen communion  
 I with Thee made one enjoy.

SPIRIT, that is me unholy  
 Hast thy habitation fix'd,  
 Thou, who oft dost make me wholly  
 Long for love with fear unmix'd,  
 Joy from carnal passion free,  
 And unspotted purity;  
 Holy Ghost, I now believe  
 That I shall all these receive

By the longings and the cries,  
By the speechless agonies,  
That from Thee within me rise,  
By thy work already done,  
By the life of heav'n begun,  
By thy earnest and thy seal,  
By the foretaste, that I feel  
Of celestial love and peace  
In my bright'ning soul increase.

Gracious LORD GOD, these glories of thy  
Name

I, while I have my being, must proclaim  
And more my songs of gladness yet shall  
flow,

As more the vital mystery  
Of thy Eternal Trinity,

Thy will, thy work, thy witness raise me up  
to know.



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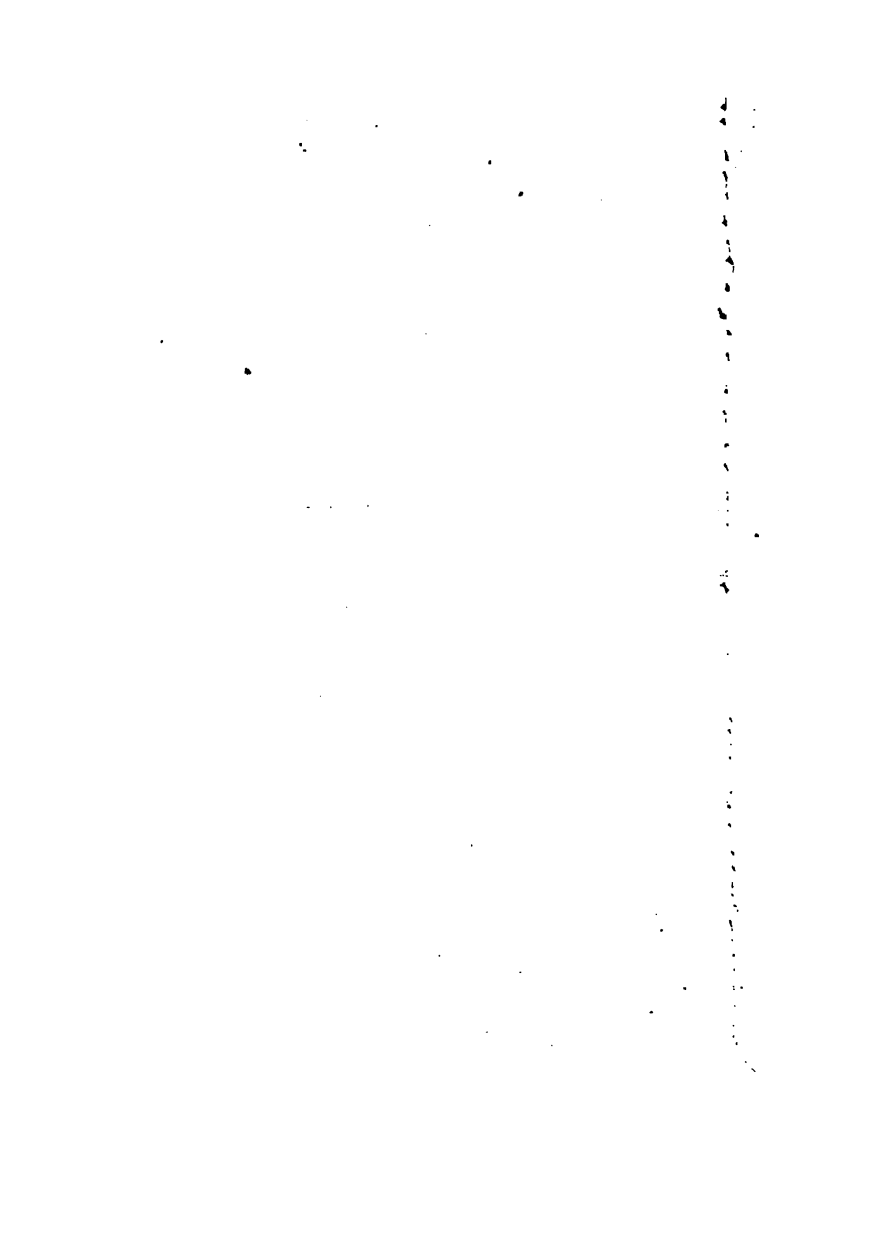
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